The Nation.

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The Week.

The advocates of Hawaiian annexation in the Senate are evidently at a loss what to do. When Congress met early in December last, they announced that the treaty would be rushed through without any trouble, and probably before the holiday recess. They have at last found out that it can never get the two-thirds vote that is required for the ratification of a treaty, and that they must resort to the joint-resolution method. This is a very disagreeable discovery to the annexationists, for various reasons. In the first place, the failure of the treaty involves a serious loss of prestige for the promoters of the scheme. Moreover, when a joint resolution is substituted for the treaty, it must take its chances along with other business in open session, and, as the weeks pass, it will grow easier for its opponents to push it over. Finally, and worst of all, discussion must then be public, and the weakness of the project can be exposed in the eyes of the nation.

President Dole is said to have gone home a sadder and a wiser man. He enjoys the peculiar distinction of being the first President of a republic known to history who travelled round the world trying to sell his own country to a foreign Power. This is the more comic because he was telling everybody all the time he was here, that his Government was much beloved by his people, and that they greatly desired its maintenance. But he resented deeply any proposal that they should be consulted about the transfer. In fact, he said it was insulting to him to doubt their willingness to be sold out. A more happy and contented lot there could not be; nevertheless, they felt that it was time they were disposed of. The only other case on record of the sale of a government by its chosen officers is that of the Irish union with England. But the Irish Parliament-men did not offer themselves for sale; they were asked whether they were in the market, and they said, bedad, they were. But they never made themselves ridiculous by telling how much their people loved them, and yet how anxious they were to be sold. It was a plain, above-board mercantile transaction. There is a story told of one of them, that, being reproached with a desire to sell his country, he "thanked God that he had a country to sell." The Hawaiian republic has begun the practice of selling admittedly happy people to foreigners. Although, therefore, President Dole was received in Washington with Presidential honors, his position was really that of a drummer sent abroad to dispose of a choice assortment of missionary goods.

The probability of the passage by the House of the Senate bill for the restriction of immigration by an educational test grows smaller week by week. Western Representatives find growing opposition to the policy among their constituents, and those who come from close districts shrink from a vote on the question. Meanwhile the sentiment in favor of the measure in the East appears to be weakening, and its newspaper advocates are now urging its passage on the ground that it would not amount to very much anyway. The Boston *Journal*, for example, points out that "the educational test, if applied to every immigrant in 1897, would have kept out only 23.2 per cent. of all persons over sixteen years, and many of those would have been admitted in spite of their ignorance, by virtue of the provisions intended to prevent the separation of families." The discussion of the subject during the last few weeks has been noteworthy for the new argument presented by many advocates of the proposed policy—that a stringent restriction of immigration is essential to the success of the protective policy. This argument has been put very concisely by various newspapers in Pennsylvania. In the same vein the Columbus (O.) *Dispatch*, a Republican newspaper, declares that "the best practical test is the one that will keep out the greater number of undesirable immigrants," and adds: "In all this controversy over ways and means, the one great point to be kept in view is the protection that restriction will afford to the workingmen of this country, both native and naturalized."

The Senate committee on appropriations has "raised" the House committee, as regards the fortification bill, from $4,500,000 to $9,000,000. In other words, the appropriation has been doubled. We shall now have an opportunity to see which of the two houses can hold out longest. Usually the one which goes in for the largest sum prevails in the end, but the situation now is peculiar in that the Treasury is facing a deficit instead of a surplus. This circumstance may strengthen the nerves of the House even to the point of losing the whole bill. It is to be hoped that it may. We have gone without fortifications for a whole generation, and no harm has come of it, and none will come of it except by our own seeking. Therefore we can assuredly postpone our fort-building until we are able to pay for it. Let Mr. Reed and Mr. Cannon insist that the public outgo shall not exceed the public income, and let Mr. Dingley look after his deficit by cutting down expenditures without pity or remorse. Let the Senate have the alternative of taking the $4,500,000 offered by the House or nothing.

Secretary Gage made a very sound and instructive speech at the Lincoln Day exercises in Chicago. He went back to the beginning of the greenback, and showed how the statesmen of that day hesitated to pass the legal-tender act, how they dreaded its consequences, how they vowed that it was only a temporary affair, etc. In fact, they made all the protestations that their forefathers did when the latter went into the Continental-money experiment, and ended by doing the same thing, but with less excuse. The statesmen at Richmond were going through the same motions as those at Washington, and they fell into the same kind of pit, but a somewhat deeper one. Secretary Gage did not express any opinion of his own on the question whether the issue of legal-tender notes was necessary at that time, but he quoted the opinions of the leading men concerned in the passage of the bill. He paid a compliment to Senator Morrill of Vermont, then a member of the House, for his unflinching opposition to the bill. This compliment was fully deserved. Senator Collamer of Vermont might properly have been included in it, for he made the strongest argument that was made by anybody in either house against the bill. In fact, the State of Vermont showed more financial wisdom and a better grasp of the situation than any other in the Union. Next in order comes Fessenden of Maine, chairman of the Senate committee on finance, who saw as clearly as Collamer the evils of Government paper money, and who spoke and voted against the legal-tender clause. Mr. Fessenden hesitated to take the responsibility of defeating it, as he might have done if he had used his full powers to that end, and as Collamer or Morrill would have done if they had been in his place. It is the first step that costs. After the first bill was passed it was idle to resist the later ones. Secretary Gage made mention of Thaddeus Stevens, who was then chairman of the ways and means committee, of which Mr. Morrill was a member. The truth of history requires the statement that, in matters of finance, Stevens was the most dangerous crank in either branch of Congress. The bill never could have been reported from the committee, nor could it have passed the House, without his active support.

The Republican politicians have a

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fresh grievance against Mr. Gage. The Secretary of the Treasury has just recommended to Congress a sweeping reorganization of the customs collection districts of the country, by which the number would be reduced from 156 to 66. His argument in support of the change is that the Government would save nearly $150,000 a year in the payment of the force employed, and yet would secure a better service. In Connecticut Mr. Gage would consolidate the ports of New Haven and Bridgeport, and have only one Collector at $2,500 in the former city, instead of two receiving more than twice that sum between them; consolidate Hartford, Stonington, and New London, with only one Collector, at Hartford, instead of three, and a salary for that one smaller than is now paid the Hartford Collector. We are not surprised to learn, through the Washington correspondent of the Hartford *Courant*, Senator Hawley's newspaper, that "the adoption of Secretary Gage's plan is generally regarded as improbable, on account of the strong disapproval of individual members of Congress, who would represent the opposition of customs collectors to the scheme."

The first town elections of the year in this State, which were held on Tuesday week, gave forth ominous warnings to Platt and his machine. In nearly all of them the Democrats showed gains, and in Tioga County, the town of Owego, in which Mr. Platt makes what Mr. Choate calls his "momentary residence" on election day for the purpose of voting, a Democratic Supervisor is said to have been chosen for the first time in several years. This untoward result will be likely to stimulate the anxiety of Messrs. Platt, Black, Payn, and Hackett for "harmony" in the party. The town elections in the spring have seldom failed to foreshadow accurately the outcome of the regular election in the fall. They sounded the doom of Hill in advance, and they gave audible warnings to Platt last year, which were unheeded, but which were followed by a Democratic plurality of 60,000 in the State in November. With this end of the State solidly delivered into the hands of Tammany, together with a stupendous mass of patronage, and with the other portions of the State turning in disgust away from the Republicans, because of Platt, Black, Payn, and company, the outlook for a Republican triumph next November is not bright.

It is announced that Senator Grady's bill, applying the Black starchless civil-service law to this city, is dead beyond hope of revival, and that Grady himself has abandoned all hope in regard to it. The cause of its early death is the implacable opposition of the Governor, who, rather than have it pass, has issued a decree that there shall be no New York city charter amendments passed at this session. He is most unwilling that the Grady bill should reach him for action, and naturally so, for it would be very awkward for him to veto it, thus admitting that it was not so desirable a measure that the field of its operation should be extended. He is forced to confess, in fact, that it was passed for the purpose of breaking into the public service of the State in the interest of partisan politics. It was designed to capture places for Republican machine politicians, its author not having the sagacity to foresee that his party might be defeated in the election, and that thus the service would be thrown open to the Democrats for a "clean sweep."

The address of the chairman at the influential meeting of the "Birth" Celebration on Thursday seems to indicate that the object of the ceremony is not so much to rejoice over the event as to advertise the concern called "Greater New York." He complains that only a sixth of a column was devoted to American news in a copy of the London *Times* which he bought that day, and he thought a good "birth celebration would draw the attention of other countries to the commerce and importance of New York." The committee which Mayor Van Wyck has appointed to make preparations for the Celebration is a perfect example of that confusion of good and bad citizens in which Tammany delights. Bishop Potter, James C. Carter, Seth Low, Bishop Littlejohn, the Rev. Drs. Van Dyke, Abbott, Collyer, and other men of the highest character and best professional and business standing, are assigned to confer and work with Oakey Hall, Gilroy, Croker, Pat Gleason, Platt, and Lauterbach for the common glorification of the city. The supposition, of course, is that they are all leading citizens and equally the best representatives of the community, character really having nothing whatever to do with the question of eminence, and the supreme test being prominence, no matter how attained. Considering all that has happened here during the past few years, the universal understanding as to the methods by which Croker and Platt have attained and maintained their power, and the general belief that the two conspired last year to reverse the progress of civilization in the city by turning it over to the rule of barbarians, this proposal that men of real character shall unite with them in organizing a public jubilee to celebrate the city's degradation, is the crowning test to which our moral sense as a people has been subjected. If we submit to it, and join quietly and cheerfully in the celebration, there will be no lower depths of humiliation for us to reach. Mr. Croker has, very appropriately, put himself in the foreground of the movement, and he should be made the central figure in the programme which is arranged, for the festivities will be in his honor.

In appointing Charles F. Roe Major-General in command of the State troops, Gov. Black not only has selected the candidate of our best military authorities, but has thereby ended that discouraging régime of inefficient and undignified adjutant-generals and of opéra-bouffe staff officers which has too long disgraced the State. Major Roe's refusal to work for the place or to accept any offers of "influence," and his declaration that he would not take command unless politics was wholly eliminated from the militia, have naturally attracted most favorable comment. Furthermore, the appointment of an officer who combines the experience of many years of professional soldiering with the tact and discretion absolutely essential to a successful volunteer officer, carries with it a distinct promise of future military reform and reorganization, and of this Gen. Roe is well aware. Unless all expectations fail, we should have in a few years the best-developed citizen soldiery in this country. This does not mean that Gen. Roe will work miracles, but simply that he will apply the merit system to the military service from the lowest private to the ranking brigadier-general. It is a curious thing that Gov. Black and the Albany politicians realize that when it comes to the service upon which the internal peace and safety of the State may at any moment depend, "politics" has no claims whatever, and that a rigid and well "starched" merit system is imperative. Yet no one will pretend that in national peace or emergency an honest and efficient civil service is one whit less necessary than a modern, well-organized and disciplined militia.

The definition of their policy by the Irish in the House of Commons—that is, stern hostility to the Liberals even, unless they give home rule its old place—promises to complicate matters a good deal during the coming session. The Liberal minority is already pretty small, but the desertion of the Irish would make it look pitiful. The Irish are not, however, gaining ground. There is less political discontent in Ireland than there has ever been, owing to the settlement of the land question, although there is still much distress in some districts. Then, also, the winds are blowing against parliaments everywhere. But nobody now expects any great gain or relief from a parliament, and especially, after Tammany, an Irish Parliament. Irishmen, since our last election, are held to have "taken the cake" as corruptionists and bossocrats, and you find increasing difficulty in persuading Englishmen that they would do any better in Dublin than

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in New York. Everybody is now waiting to see what kind of thing Mr. Balfour's bill giving Ireland county councils and municipal reform will be. The great fight of the session will be over that. If the Irish members accept it cordially, the Liberals will be indeed "dished."

The reluctance of England to adopt countervailing duties against Continental sugar has a practical as well as a theoretical basis. The Continent seems to be exerting and taxing itself to the utmost to give the English consumer cheap sugar, and to give English manufacturers of jam and biscuits and pickles an almost complete control of the business. Of the entire Continental production of beet-sugar—3,000,000 tons—no less than 2,000,000 is exported under the export bounty system. Local taxes make the price of sugar high to the local consumer; and the net result is that England gets sugar at three cents a pound while the people who sell it to her have to pay nine or ten cents a pound for what they use themselves. No wonder the consumption in England is more than three times per capita what it is on the Continent. The Continent has the sugar industry, but England has the sugar. It is clear, also, how little can be done for the West Indian planters. Their entire product is only 300,000 tons, and the exportable surplus of 2,000,000 tons from the Continent threatens to overwhelm them, bounty or no bounty.

The latest attempt of the German Government to repress free discussion is seen in a plan to muzzle the lecturers, or *Privatdocenten*, in the universities. These, as is well known, are the ambitious and rising young men in the academic world who, by originality of investigation, or interest of theme, or attractiveness of manner, compete with the regular professors and win hearers. They are not paid by the state, though they are subject to the rules and discipline of the university, and the Government has very little control over them. Their freedom, both in choice of subject and in manner of presenting it, is of the very essence of their position. In them, in fact, the boasted *Lehrfreiheit* of Germany finds its chief illustration. But now a bill has been laid before the lower house of the Prussian Diet authorizing the Minister of Education to warn or reprimand *Privatdocenten* whose utterances he may disapprove, and, in the last resort, to cancel their licenses as lecturers. The pretence is that these young men, the hope of the universities of the future, are turning their lecture-rooms into nurseries of unsound political doctrine. Under the name of political economy or sociology or ethics or what not, they insinuate beliefs that are not consistent with "the Gospel of his Majesty's sacred person." So Sacred Majesty proposes to give them a touch of the mailed fist. But the university world is up in arms. Right under Majesty's sacred nose in Berlin, the professors of the university, including its most distinguished scholars, are signing a protest against the measure, as one calculated to impair their liberties and efficiency. What the issue will be remains to be seen; but one result is certain to be a hundred thousand more votes for the Social Democrats in the coming elections to the Reichstag.

Emperor William's latest prosecution of a subject for *Majestätsbeleidigung* was most unpopular in Germany. To imprison an artist for a comic political cartoon was stretching things. Perhaps Germans thought their country needed a humorist just now more than an Emperor of a certain type. At any rate, the arrest of Herr Trojan of *Kladderadatsch* for undermining the authority of the monarchy by exciting a little harmless laughter seems to have provoked more indignation than many cases less absurd have done. It has given one critic occasion to compile the sentences for *lèse-majesté* since William became Emperor, and they foot up the respectable total of more than 1,000 years' imprisonment, all told. This is 100 years to each year of the reign. One of William's predecessors, the father of Frederick the Great, used to cane his subjects, while crying out, "Confound you, I want you to love me!" In these more humane days imprisonment is the chosen means to awaken affection; but we doubt if it is any more effective than the franker methods of the old Prussian drill-master. Still, love is said to be a child of solitude and meditation; and there is no telling what emotions towards their Emperor may have been aroused in the bosoms of his traducers, when bound like Satan for a thousand years.

A good deal of alarm about the immediate future of France has, naturally enough, been excited by the furore developed in Paris by the Dreyfus affair and the Zola trial. But no one who has closely followed French history for the last hundred years can well avoid seeing that such crises are really just what the Parisian democracy needs and must have. It has never, since the Revolution, gone on for more than ten years without an "émeute"; it has never gone on more than twenty years without overturning the existing régime. No government, except this one, has proved capable of facing a second great "manifestation." Consequently the overturning of the Government had become by 1870 the principal French mode of expressing intense dissatisfaction with something or other—not necessarily with any special policy or measure, but simply general discontent, like that negro's dog which howled "because he smelt su'thing, and couldn't locate it." What the Boulanger episode, and now the Dreyfus episode, apparently show, is that the necessity for revolution has passed by, and that the mob can have their periodical fun without overturning anything whatever. They shout, and "conspuent," and squeeze, and threaten, but they do not erect barricades or fire on the troops. Moreover, the republic has one power in reserve which none of the monarchies has had. It is not afraid to use the army in self-defence. It can shoot and kill without bringing the blame of bloodshed on any one in particular. The Bourbons and Napoleons all shrank from this. Napoleon III. never quite got over his volleys of the second of December, 1851, but in 1849 Cavaignac, and in 1871 Thiers, found no difficulty in killing as many people as might have been necessary. It is well known in Paris now that, though disorders and noise will be tolerated, insurrection will not be. Accordingly there is much shouting and pushing, but, as Hanna would say, "God reigns and the Republic still lives."

The announcement was made by the Russian Minister of Finance last month that the monetary reform of the empire had been completed by the resumption of specie payments and the adoption of the single gold standard, with a silver subsidiary coinage. This was accompanied by a statement of the note issues of the Imperial Bank, showing that the amount of gold on hand exceeds the total amount of notes by 236,000,000 rubles. The redeemability of the notes is, therefore, abundantly secured. The ruble, according to the plan announced by the ukase of last year, is equal to one-fifteenth of the gold imperial. "Thus the ruble," says the Minister, "formerly an undefined and variable quantity, has become a precise measure of value like the pound sterling and the monetary units of other countries with a normal circulation." While congratulating the Czar and the people on the achievement of monetary reform, which is considered the precursor of an unexampled prosperity, the Minister observes that its continued success depends not merely upon good measures of finance, but upon the entirety of the governmental policy. "Among these measures," he adds, "those which concern the foreign policy exercise the most considerable influence in the economic life of the country and its monetary circulation. In that respect the principal support of the economic and financial prosperity consists in the traditionally peaceful and just policy of its sovereigns." These are words that ought to be heeded by the wild Senators of the United States, who are seeking to rush this country into war for a Quixotic purpose which they cannot themselves define.

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THE DE LOME LETTER.

Minister de Lome's plight is one that must be peculiarly humiliating to a man of his proud race and nature. An experienced diplomat, who had maintained himself in a position of extreme difficulty with great resource and skill; a Minister, moreover, who had prided himself almost arrogantly on his "correctness," and had scarcely concealed his scorn of the rough-and-ready diplomacy of Americans, has been brought low in one day by a letter-thief. The chances were a million to one that this particular letter would never see the light; but it was Señor de Lome's bad luck to have the one chance go against him, and to end his diplomatic career in deepest mortification.

His indiscretion was of the kind that appears enormous only because it was exposed. It was a blunder after the event. Comparison has been made of his letter with that of Sackville-West in 1888; but this is unfair. The British Minister was guilty of a shrieking indiscretion. He wrote a letter to a man whom he did not know, and it was a letter bearing upon a burning question of current American politics. He invited his own catastrophe, and it did not fail to overwhelm him. But Señor de Lome was writing to an intimate friend, a semi-official representative of his own Government. He was, doubtless, under instructions to keep in close touch with Señor Canalejas, and to give him all the information and advice in his power. It was, therefore, almost an official duty which he was performing; and that this letter would be stolen and broadsided through the land was as little to be reckoned upon in advance as that any of his official communications to Señor Gullon, the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, would meet with a like fate. The letter was essentially private, and it was apparently safeguarded. It was such a letter as the Venetian Ambassadors used to write in the sixteenth century, for the use of historians in the nineteenth, and its proper destination would have been the archives of Simancas, thence to be extracted by some plodding writer two hundred years from now. But the daring rifler of Señor Canalejas's mail, and the newspaper facsimile, have expedited events at an alarming rate, and Minister de Lome has had to suffer the consequences of writing too much history in his own lifetime.

Of course his indiscretion, or misfortune, whatever one calls it, was just as fatal, once it was in the glare of publicity, as if he had deliberately gone to work to end his usefulness as Minister to this country. He himself promptly recognized this fact by instantly cabling his resignation, when his letter came back to stare him in the face. A Minister must be *persona grata* to the head of the government to which he is accredited, and Señor de Lome obviously had ceased to be that to President McKinley. What he wrote of him and of his message was only what the Spanish press had freely said, only what newspapers in this country and members of Congress had openly uttered; but a Spanish Minister could not say it publicly and stay in Washington, and neither could he stay in Washington if he said it privately in a form which had been made public and which he could not deny.

The accuracy of the translation of Señor de Lome's letter has been questioned, as if an undue severity were given to some of its expressions about the President. But the published version appears to be sufficiently correct. Still, a good deal would depend on how one took the language. Señor de Lome wrote that the President was "populachero," which has been rendered "catering to the rabble." But it might be taken in a sense that a politician would regard as complimentary; applying to McKinley the phrase Carlyle used of Gladstone, the "People's William." To call a politician a "good mixer," a "smooth" man, one who keeps "close to the people" and is of the "get-there" kind, is about the same thing as calling him "populachero"; and most politicians would be rather flattered thereby. Still, Presidents might not like it. "Politicastro" scarcely means "low politician," but rather, we judge, an amateur politician, a dabbler in politics; and here, of course, the insult is more obvious. To charge Mr. McKinley with wishing to "leave a door open for himself, and to stand well with the Jingoes of his party," cannot be thought deeply insulting. It is rather a tribute to the President's astuteness and to his success in being all things to all men.

The De Lome incident has been very well taken by the country. American good nature, with its touch of cynicism, has stood the people in good stead. The laughing has been done as much at the expense of the few ferocious newspapers which at once called for war, as at that of the unfortunate Spanish Minister. About him the general sentiment is expressed by one overheard remark, "Well, I guess he knows now that if there is to be any abuse of the President we'll attend to that ourselves." American *lèse-majesté* for Americans! The President, on his part, has, up to the present writing, acted with dignity and propriety. But Congress is growing more and more restive about Cuba; State legislatures are resolving all over the country; the rainy season, which has been generally taken to be the limit of "the reasonable time" within which Mr. McKinley has already informed Spain that Cuba must be pacified, is only three months away. What Señor de Lome wrote in December is even more significant to-day: "Everything depends on military and political success in Cuba. . . . We must do something great, or we lose." It cannot be said that there has been any such success, and the time for the Spanish authorities to do "something great" in Cuba is short. "Poor Spain!" wrote Señor de Lome in the phrase which one sees so often in Spanish newspapers, and hears from the lips of troubled Spaniards; and "Poor Spain!" is, after all, the best comment one can make on the spectacle of a nation of such a splendid past, fallen on such evil days.

OUR AFFAIRS IN CHINA.

In view of the critical conditions existing in China to-day, the recent appeal of the Chamber of Commerce to Congress in behalf of our trade with that empire may well excite the most serious and careful attention. That a crisis has arisen there which may cause the partial or entire dismemberment of China, with or without war, must be patent to the most careless observer of events.

By existing treaties between the various foreign countries and China, that empire lies open and free to all alike. Monopolies of every sort are forbidden, and any right, privilege, or immunity granted to the citizens or subjects of any one Power inures at once, by the granting act itself, to the citizens or subjects of every other. This wise provision has more than once been appealed to successfully to prevent special grants or favors to particular corporations and governments. In the situation which now exists in the Chinese Empire, it may be and should be emphatically appealed to again. China herself would recognize with deep gratitude such an appeal. Certainly it would require the exercise of the highest tact, discretion, patience, and firmness, to maintain our commercial rights against the opposition of European Powers. But they may be maintained without the use or display of physical force. We may so use our rights and privileges in China as to hold our prestige, increase our political influence, and develop our large and growing commerce with that empire. The practical question arises, How are we fitted at this critical period to carry out this delicate and difficult task? When the whole future of our trade with that vast territory may be at stake, how are we prepared to defend it? What is the condition of our diplomatic and consular service there upon which we are to rely in such a crisis?

Since the inception of the present administration at Washington every consul in China, with perhaps one exception, has been removed. New appointments have been made, and each particular appointee, having received his commission, has betaken himself to his particular spot, there to enjoy his share of the party spoils. Only one of them, it is believed, has ever been in China be-

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fore, or has had any considerable consular experience. Not one of them has any knowledge of the Chinese language, although by terms of treaty all business must be done in that tongue. Through the parsimony of Congress, only two or three of them are provided with competent interpreters. Unless they are a decided improvement upon our consuls sent to like posts in the past, some of them, at least, are unfamiliar with the amenities of social life and the intricacies of evening dress. And this counts for much more in China than is commonly supposed.

These are the kind of people sent, and these the circumstances under which they have been sent. Each one of our new representatives must come into direct and constant competition and contrast with the members of the trained consular services of England, Russia, Germany, and France, every one of whom has spent many years in the service, speaks Chinese, is familiar with and expert in the intrigue and by-paths of consular work, and has a staff of well-trained assistants. To a very large extent, development of trade in the Orient depends upon the activity, intelligence, and experience of consuls, and it is worse than idle to expect our fair share in the growth of trade in China when we send such men as we do, under such conditions, to be pitted against the single or combined competition of the representatives of the European Powers.

But it may be said that, in the special crisis which has now come upon our trade interests in the East, the delicate work required is not consular, but diplomatic. Let us then see how our legation at Peking is equipped for this great emergency. Minister Denby is about to be relieved. Originally a Mr. Bryan from Chicago was selected as his successor upon the remarkably appropriate grounds that he had served one term in the Legislature of his State, and that he was a man of most respectable family and of good education. As there were some serious duties to be performed which could not be intrusted to a boy or a greenhorn, it speedily became manifest that Mr. Bryan could not be confirmed by the Senate, although he blandly informed the President that he entertained no doubt of his capacity to fill that delicate and responsible mission.

Even this plain statement strangely failed to convince any one. A rearrangement of the party spoils upon an equitable basis became necessary. Accordingly, Minister Conger has been recalled from Brazil and is to relieve Minister Denby at Peking. Of the new appointee it can only be said that he was formerly a Republican Congressman from Iowa, who had lost his seat and against whom nothing could be said. He had served for about two years under the Harrison administration as Minister to Brazil, and was reappointed to the same post by President McKinley. No questions have arisen during either of his terms of service in South America to call for or show the possession of any diplomatic ability; and he goes to China quite unfettered by any knowledge of that interesting and extremely puzzling empire. The Secretary of the Legation at Peking, Mr. Charles Denby, jr., has resigned, whether voluntarily or not is unknown. He is an excellent Chinese scholar and possesses a good knowledge of the history of our affairs with that country. In his place a young man has recently been appointed of whom the public appears to know as much as he himself knows about China, which is nothing. The Second Secretary, so far as heard from, retains his post.

Hence it appears that, in this crisis in our commercial relations with that vast empire, a crisis so grave that such a body of men as our Chamber of Commerce has felt bound to call the attention of the Government to the urgent necessity for action, all of our consuls there, with one unimportant exception, are green hands, and that at the legation, where the most delicate and difficult part of the work must be done, the only person having knowledge of Chinese language and affairs is the interpreter or dragoman to the legation, whose status prevents him from having any serious influence. To such an untrained, uninformed body of men are our vast commercial interests intrusted at the moment when the continued existence of those interests may be in question. And all this because the "American idea" of a public office is not something to do, but something to get.

THE ALABAMA FRAUDS

The House of Representatives on Thursday, by a vote of 143 to 111, unseated Mr. T. S. Plowman, a Democratic member of that body from the State of Alabama, and awarded the place to Mr. William F. Aldrich, Populist and Republican. The vote was on party lines. The Populist-Democrats voted with the minority, and the Populist-Republicans (from North Carolina) with the majority. The case presents some features which place it above ordinary party contests of this character.

In the first place, the frauds in this election were proved by such overwhelming evidence that the supporters of the sitting member did not attempt to deny them, but merely insisted that, after deducting the fraudulent votes, there still remained a sufficient majority to elect Mr. Plowman. Thus, it was shown that in one county all the judges of election, clerks, and markers were either avowed Democrats or Democrats masquerading as Republicans, whereas the law of Alabama requires that the clerks and markers shall be equally divided between the two parties. This neat arrangement was brought about by recognizing one Jordan Crocheron as chairman of the Republican executive committee of the county, whereas he was simply the tool of the Democrats, "a confessed liar, a mercenary creature, ready to sell himself to anybody at any time, and a proven perjurer," as he was described by Mr. Taylor of Ohio, who presented the report of the committee on elections. With such a creature to represent the opposing party and to name their clerks and markers, the door was wide open to any species of fraud in the ballot-boxes and in the count of votes. It was only a question how many votes were wanted in this county (Dallas) to overcome the remainder of the district. The means adopted were of the wholesale kind and very clumsy.

The State of Alabama has a registration law. The voters at the November election were registered in the month of May preceding. In Kings precinct 201 voters were registered, and exactly this number were returned as having voted six months later. This was a suspicious circumstance in itself, but when the poll-list and the registration list came to be examined, a greater wonder appeared. It was found that the first fifty-five voters on the poll-list had come to the polls promiscuously as regarded the registration list. Thus the first man to deposit his ballot was No. 5 on the registration list, the second was not registered at all, the third was No. 56, the fourth was No. 6, the fifth was No. 161, and so on—all as might be expected. But after the fifty-five had voted, the returns showed that all the rest of the 201 had voted in the same order in which they were registered. Thus, the fifty-sixth man who voted was No. 3 on the registration list, the fifty-seventh was No. 4, the fifty-eighth was No. 6, and so on to the end of the list. Only one conclusion could be drawn from this, namely, that fifty-five men and no more actually did vote, and that the remaining one hundred and forty-six were purely fictitious. Of course they were all counted for Plowman.

This was only one species of fraud disclosed and proved by evidence that could not be disputed and was not disputed. The votes of the negroes were turned, twisted, and miscounted in whatever way the Democrats pleased. In short, the election was a complete farce, and the probability is that it did not differ from the elections in other parts of that State, and in Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Georgia, and South Carolina as well. The election laws and machinery in all those States are contrived for the purpose of cheating. They were intended at first to cheat only the negroes. They are used now to cheat anybody who is not in harmony with the organization in power. The Populists say that they have been counted out in

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two State elections in Alabama. There is every reason to believe that they have been. The facts revealed in the Plowman-Aldrich case show that if Kolb was not counted out in his contest for the governorship, it was not for any lack of means to accomplish that end. The facts show that the votes actually cast in an election in that State, or in any State similarly controlled, have no necessary relation to the returns. In other words, representative government has come to an end in that quarter of the Union. All the Representatives in Congress, all the Senators, all the Presidential electors are or may be the products of fraud and fiction. It follows also that the monetary standard of the United States may be changed and the country dragged into the mire of repudiation or the throes of revolution by a few fellows like Jordan Crocheron and those who hire him to do their dirty work.

That there is a body of decent people in the South who habitually vote the Democratic ticket, and who deplore the state of things here revealed, but are powerless to prevent it, we know full well. How are they to be assisted to bring about a better state of things? We can see only one way, and that is by an incessant exposure of the frauds and by immediately ousting from office every man elected as Plowman was. Mr. Taylor of Ohio said, when he presented the committee's report, that neither himself nor any member of the committee was moved by partisan feeling in taking the course they had adopted in this case. We can well believe this. The Republicans were not in need of Aldrich's vote in the House. Aldrich himself seems to be more of a Populist than a Republican. There is no reason other than the demands of naked justice why he should be preferred to Plowman, but these reasons are of such an imperative kind, they are fraught with such far-reaching consequences to the whole country, that no other action was to be thought of by men who are responsible in some measure for the permanence of our free institutions.

SUGGESTIONS.

We are informed that persons who enjoy the inestimable privilege of intimate intercourse with Mr. Croker, and chat freely with him on public questions, find him much concerned about certain phases of his government which are not satisfactory to him. His mind dwells constantly upon these shortcomings, with a view to the evolution of remedies. He has been much troubled, for example, by ambitious persons outside Tammany Hall who have sought in various ways to obtain his favor without becoming conspicuously identified with him. After much reflection he has hit upon a very effective method of treatment for this kind of annoyance. He waits until friendly overtures have been made and cordial relations established, and then asks the suitor what his politics are. If the suitor replies that he is a Democrat, as he must or invite failure, Mr. Croker's next question is if he is a member of the Democratic Club. If he answers no, then the trap is sprung in Mr. Croker's declaration, leaving all question of choice out of the matter: "Ah, then I will put your name up." The name must go up and appear in the list of new applicants, "proposed by Richard Croker," and be published in the daily papers, or the suitor must refuse the offer and thus abandon all hope of favor. News of this ingenious procedure has had the effect of keeping many patriots, who were bringing themselves to take a charitable view of Mr. Croker's government, from obtruding themselves into his personal society.

But this is only a trifle, viewed as a worriment, when compared with what Mr. Croker suffers in regard to the conduct of the press. On the subject of newspaper insolence and license he is said to be most deeply stirred. During his residence in England he examined the London journals, and was much pleased with the way in which they habitually treat their public men, Gladstone, Salisbury, Balfour, Harcourt, and the rest. Compared with the way in which the American journals treat our leading men, Croker, Platt, Grady, Black, Payn, and the rest, he much prefers the English method. The English editors do not pry into a statesman's private affairs, do not ask of his wealth, "Where did he get it?" do not question his ability to read and write, or dispute his title to high and powerful office. Why should American journals be permitted to do these things? That is what Mr. Croker would like to know, and he is going to see if something cannot be done to put a check upon them. He and Mr. Platt thought at one time an anti-cartoon law would be a good thing to have, but they seem to have lost faith in it recently. Our opinion, we "put it forth for what it is worth," is that something far more drastic is needed, and for this precedents are not lacking.

Doubtless, in the course of conversation with Mike Daly, Tom Grady, Paddy Roche, Ike Fromme, and other leading minds of the Club, Mr. Croker has heard allusions to Napoleon I. and to his troubles with the boss government which he gave to France in the early part of the century. If he will look into Napoleon's official letters, he will see how a really capable boss disposed of annoyances of this sort. Napoleon was troubled not only with the press, but with the Pope and the bishops and the priests, and he made short work with all of them. When the *Gazette de France* said something which displeased him, he wrote to his Minister of Police: "Give orders to have the editor arrested and put in prison. You will keep the editor in prison for a month, and you will appoint somebody else in his place." As an intimation of what might happen to other editors, he added: "Generally speaking, the newspapers are horribly badly managed." At another time the *Journal de l'Empire* as the offender: "That young man [the editor] is either an ill-disposed person or a fool; tell him so from me. If he does not change his ways, I shall change the editor." At another time: "Make known my displeasure to the editor of the *Journal des Débats*, who prints nothing but nonsense in his paper. Truly all our newspapers are very silly." But the French press was not the only one to be regulated. Prince Murat, the lieutenant of Napoleon in Spain, was ordered: "Take the management of the *Gazette* into your own hands, by fair means or foul, and let it appear every day." Frequently the outline of articles was furnished, and sometimes orders were given like the following: "Have caricatures made—an Englishman, purse in hand, entreating the various Powers to take his money, etc." Again, like this: "Have a great fuss made over the persecutions of the Irish Catholics by the Anglican Church. Collect every incident so as to paint the persecutions in the most vivid colors."

Like methods were pursued with the Church dignitaries. The Pope was put in prison, with orders to leave him only his doctor, steward, florist, cook, and footman. All his letters were intercepted and his papers seized. Cardinals and bishops shared a like fate. The cause of offence was not conducting their religious offices in the manner ordered by the Emperor. "You will go," he said on one occasion, to the Minister of Police, "to the Cardinal's councillor, and you will speak to him in this sense: 'Either my letter is contrary to religion or it is not; and has any bishop the right to change the sense I have given it?' I am as much of a theologian as they are, and even more. I shall not go out of my province, but I will allow nobody else to go out of his." He even went so far as to compose prayers for the clergy to offer on the subject of his own achievements, putting forth, through the Minister of Public Worship, a circular to all the French bishops, in which it was directed that "a *Te Deum* be sung, and thanks offered to the God of Armies," and prayers added "to call down the Divine protection to our arms, and above all for the preservation of the sacred person of the Emperor, whom may God shield from every danger! His safety is as necessary to the welfare of Europe and of the Empire as to that of religion."

It is scarcely necessary to suggest to Mr. Croker that if he were able to exercise over press and pulpit in this city powers of this stringent order, his government would be immeasurably

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strengthened and his personal enjoyment of life greatly increased. What a salutary effect it would have upon the newspapers if he could put their editors in jail whenever he pleased and suppress publication. They would be much more inclined than they are at present to treat him with proper respect as a great ruler, and much more likely to set forth views which he might outline for them. Then, too, think how happy it would make him to be able to order the arrest of Dr. Parkhurst and regulate his food and drink in prison! The clergy do not offend him often nowadays, but there are times when they do. Furthermore, if they were under Mr. Croker's regulation, they might be made to preach in favor of boss rule, and that would help to give it moral support. Mr. Croker's government is a strong one now, but it needs to be buttressed with Napoleonic methods in order to give him perfect happiness and become the crowning glory of free government in the first city of the American republic.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL FIELD-WORK IN ASIA MINOR.

AMHERST, MASS., February, 1898.

When the ignorant hordes of Turcoman shepherds left their original abode in Turkistan in quest of better homes in the West, they attacked and in time conquered the moribund Byzantine empire. Being zealous Mohammedans, their souls glowed with intense hatred of the Byzantine Greeks, the chief representatives of Christianity in the East. Their religious fanaticism was comprehensive; they hated all religions but Islam. The mere conquest of the Byzantine Empire and the annihilation of its civic government did not glut their appetite; they were bent upon destroying all traces of pre-existing civilizations. For centuries the demon of destruction held high carnival, though to this day the destruction and defacement of ancient monuments is still going on. Thanks to this religious hatred of everything not of Moslem origin, many monuments that belonged not only to the Christian period, but to the classical pagan civilization as well, have perished; monuments that had been spared by time and the fanaticism of the early Christians. Irreparable ruin was wrought, and many documents in stone of priceless value to the historian were annihilated by the shepherd invaders; but, in spite of their zeal, the undertaking proved to be too vast even for the destructive powers of the Turk, and therefore many precious monuments and inscriptions are still spared to tell their tale even at this late day, each adding its mite to the sum total of human knowledge, each helping to write some page in the history of the past. It is the business of the travelling archæologist to hunt up and conserve these remnants, whether they be monumental or epigraphical.

After the first fury of the storm of devastation had passed, the Turks, who were then pure nomads, and are still partial nomads, found it necessary to accommodate themselves to their enlarged circumstances. Accordingly, they abandoned their nomadic habits and became residents in fixed abodes for at least the most inclement part of the year. Houses were imperatively necessary, but they had ruthlessly destroyed, not merely monumental buildings, but probably private houses as well; they did not possess architectural skill sufficient to erect buildings in any way comparable to those they had destroyed. However, their ambition did not soar high; a roof over their heads during the winter was all they craved; it mattered not that the walls of their houses were ill-built and shabby in the extreme. Their greatest care was displayed in the construction of their mosques, in building which they utilized ancient stones of every kind, for the reason that these stones were well hewn and easy to handle. The exteriors of Turkish buildings, therefore, often present a ridiculous jumble of stones taken from pagan and Christian buildings, as well as tombstones, altars, and even statues and bas-reliefs. To this use of the old and well-dressed material is due the fact that many stones bearing Greek and Latin inscriptions are found in the walls of buildings. It should be noted, however, that in inserting such stones in the walls of the mosque or other building, the barbarian builders paid no attention whatever to the inscription; chance or the convenience of the mason alone decided whether the inscribed face of the stone was to fall on the outside of the wall or be concealed in it. Even when the inscription did fall on the outside of the wall, it is rarely right end up, but in most cases either lies sidewise or else is upside down.

The Turks are very particular in the matter of their drinking-water; one may often overhear them comparing notes about the water of two given villages, in precisely the same way that Germans discuss the relative merits of this or that make of beer. Even the meanest village takes care to supply itself with an abundance of cool, fresh, pure, running water, which is intended not merely for household use, but also for the ablutions so necessary before prayer. Consequently the fountains take rank immediately after the mosques. Some attempt at architectural display, oftentimes crude enough, is always visible in the fountains, and this coveted beauty could best be attained by utilizing the fine old stones that belonged to the civilization of the hated infidels. The travelling archæologist, therefore, should examine carefully the mosque and the fountains of every village; and if the village be anywhere in the vicinity of an ancient town, he is almost sure to discover inscriptions in the walls of one or both of these structures.

The old cemeteries, which in many cases are situated in desert places far from a village, must always be examined with extreme care by the archæologist. Among the Moslems a grave is inviolate, at least in theory, and therefore it must have a stone at its head and foot to proclaim its sacred character for ever. It makes absolutely no difference what may have been the original character of the stones used on Turkish graves, provided only they be large and heavy, for in that case they will stand erect and mark the spot as a grave for ages after the mound over the grave has become completely levelled. Often it can be proved that stones have been transported long distances to serve as Turkish tombstones. Indeed, the Turkish cemeteries exhibit the oddest, most comical pot-pourri of all sorts of ancient marbles; in them one may expect to find any conceivable kind of antique stone. Hittite stelæ, altars of pagan gods; round, cubical, and horned altars; huge columns and epistyle blocks from temples; Roman milestones with Latin inscriptions; double-columned window supports from Christian churches—all are made to stand as sentinels over the graves of faithful Moslems. Not only this, but ancient Greek *tombstones*, in all their endless variety—from the simple slab and the sculptured stele with temple pediment to Phrygian doors, cenotaphic sarcophagi, sarcophagus lids, and even sculptured sarcophagi themselves—are made to do duty a second time, thus forming an odd commentary on the mutability of civilizations and empires. As a rule, the inscriptions have not been erased from these stones, so that one may find on Turkish graves important decrees of cities, municipal laws, letters of kings to cities, legislative regulations and edicts of imperial Rome, the autobiography of wealthy or powerful citizens, the *cursus honorum* of Roman proconsuls and legates, and innumerable epitaphs of men dead a thousand years and more before the Turkish conquest.

The inscribed tombstones of the early Christian dead also were often utilized as tombstones by the Turks. Christian tombstones prior to Constantine may only be detected by the initiated, for the reason that, before Constantine, Christians had no legal status, so that their identity had to be concealed under the guise of guilds, crafts, and fraternities which might attain to a legal status, own, bequeath, and inherit property. But after Constantine the cross and the fish are boldly displayed in reliefs on Christian tombstones; indeed, the cross is not infrequently made so prominent that it is as high as the stone itself, so that the epitaph of the original owner of the tombstone had to be inscribed on either side of the vertical bar of the cross. Moslem pride demands defacement of this cross before the stone which bears it can be accorded the honor of standing over the grave of one of the faithful. The emblem of the fish, however, does not seem to have been so offensive, probably because the ignorant peasant did not understand its import. Of course the cross could not be tolerated for an instant; its removal, however, was not easy to effect; they might hack away at it with their primitive tools, but they lacked the skill and the patience so to polish the stone that no traces of the cross remained. In point of fact, their very effort to efface the cross only served in many cases to bring it into greater prominence. But, at any rate, the cross had been insulted, and that much was soothing to the religious intolerance and hate of the ignorant. Often, too, religious zeal has led to an attempt to efface an inoffensive but important pagan Greek inscription. But that meant much work, for the letters, besides being incised, usually cover a great part of the stone, and the patience of the fanatic was almost always exhausted before he had defaced the stone so effectually that the experienced epigraphist might not decipher it with more or less ease. He is only too thankful that the fanatic did not smash the stone or turn it into lime.

According, then, to what we have seen, the travelling archæologist should search for inscriptions in the mosques, the fountains, and the cemeteries. So much he can do without asking leave of any one. But, of

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course, inscriptions are found in other places, and if they be in private houses, then much careful diplomacy is often necessary in order to persuade the ever-suspicious householder to give the giaour permission to enter the sacred precincts of his house and harem. I once worked for two days to gain access to an inscription of whose existence the house-owner had himself informed me. The stone was in a windowless cellar or chaff-room, and, of course, upside down. I copied it painfully by the help of a candle, but when I came to study it more carefully in my tent, I found that it located the city of Tymandus and was otherwise so important that an impression or squeeze of the stone was absolutely essential. Upon renewing negotiations for a second visit to the stone, the ladies of the family not only refused the permission, but wept and wailed bitterly at the very thought. The reason for these tears will appear presently. But, thanks to the persuasive power of backsheesh, judiciously placed by my chief servant, I finally succeeded in getting the coveted impression. On another occasion I spent much time laboring with a house-owner who stoutly denied the existence of an inscribed stone in his house, while his neighbors just as stoutly affirmed its existence. But an energetic kavass can usually touch the heart of the village priest by the help of a dollar, and many seemingly impossible things may be done when the priest acquiesces and urges thereto.

Now, this hesitancy is not due wholly, or even mainly, to disinclination to admit a foreigner and a giaour into the inner parts of the house, but to a prevalent superstition. A belief pervades all classes of Turks, both of high and low degree, either that the stones which bear inscriptions have money or other treasure safely concealed *inside* the stones themselves, or else that the inscriptions on the stones tell where money or treasure was hid by the people who fled from their homes when the all-conquering hordes of Turks were invading the country more than four hundred years ago. Their theory in regard to the business of the travelling archæologist is that he is a lineal descendant of the former inhabitants of the country; that his family have preserved, throughout all these ages of their exile, traditions in regard to vast treasure stored away by them when they were compelled to abandon their ancestral homes; and lastly that the archæologist has come to search the country, find the family inscriptions that tell exactly where the treasure is hidden, and then return to the home of his adoption laden with wealth. Accordingly, ignorant peasants are loath to tell of inscriptions in their own houses, because such stones are their own private property, and they cannot bring themselves to give away to a *Frenk* a secret which, if only the key could be found, would assuredly bring in millions to the worthy Moslem family. Hence those tears and wails!

Nothing, neither argument, nor reason, nor ridicule, nothing whatever can shake their faith. Often, as I was busy about an inscription, a curious, silent, suspicious mob would gather round me, sullenly watching every stroke of my pen, that fateful pen that was even then filching untold treasures from them. Presently the sullen silence would be broken, and excited questions would be showered upon me: Where is the money? When do you intend to get it? How much is it? Will you not be generous enough to share with us? Truthfulness compelled me to deny the existence of hidden treasure, and to explain that my business was to gather up the scattered facts of history, so that by weaving together a multitude of such facts the historian might be able to give something like an accurate account of the country before it was conquered by the ancestors of the present inhabitants. But my breath was wasted, my labor lost; I was simply accounted a fraud and a liar, while my servants were applauded as men of truthfulness and wide-awake intelligence when they jokingly affirmed that buried treasure did exist thereabouts, and that by judicious use of the mattock and the spade the bystanders could find it. In point of fact, the natives have dug on their own account in innumerable places, and many ancient buildings have been brought to ruin for the reason that their foundations were undermined by these ignorant searchers after hidden treasure.

In this search for gold they are often guided by what they call a Nishan. The word means sight, that is, the sight of a rifle. The Nishan is of two kinds: one being the small, round, natural holes in rocks, such as are often seen in the limestone formation. The prevalent theory in regard to these holes is that they are so constructed as to point directly towards the spot where the coveted treasure lies hid. But unfortunately it indicates accurately only the direction of the line on which the treasure lies buried, but not the spot itself. It is universally believed that the inscriptions which the Frenk so sedulously transfers to his notebook give the information necessary for identifying the exact spot. It is a source of regret and mortification to the peasants that they cannot read the inscriptions themselves, and so they envy and hate the interloping archæologist, because, as they firmly believe, he does possess the knowledge necessary to unveil the secret and lay hold upon the coveted and much-needed treasure. There is a second kind of Nishan. The ancients sometimes made sun-dials on the walls of buildings, especially on walls that faced the market-place. Little grooves in the wall, to mark the time of day, radiated from the dial-nail. Of course some of these carefully chiselled grooves pointed down to the ground, and, according to the prevailing superstition, located exactly the spot where treasure lay buried. I well remember one such dial at Adada, and I saw the ruin of which it had been the innocent cause.

But another formidable danger threatens the existence of the stones that bear, it may be, priceless inscriptions, for many stones are smashed up every year in order to get the gold that is hidden *within them*. It would be interesting to discover the theory by which the natives account for the presence of gold within the stones, but that is a secret which the Oriental mind declines to divulge to the uninitiated. When the stone has been broken to pieces, the gold fails to show up, of course. Now, after a few such ridiculous failures, one might think that even the stolid Turks would lose faith in the superstition, but such is not the case; ill-success does not dampen their ardor nor shake their faith in the slightest degree. If you ask them why the gold did not appear, the unvarying answer is *Allah billir*, God knows. This superstition is not confined to the Turks, but at one time was shared by the peasantry of Greece as well—an inheritance, it may be, from the Turks. We see, then, that priceless stones are perishing every year throughout Asia Minor by reason of this barbarous superstition, as well as in many other ways, some of which have been mentioned above. These stones should be saved; history and the science of the past demand that they be saved, and archæology calls aloud upon great-hearted men of wealth to save them, either by rescuing them in person, or by gifts of money to enable specialists to go and save to science these *disjecta membra* of mighty peoples of a mighty past.

Notwithstanding the sacred character of the cemetery, the Turks are ever ready to lend a helping hand in digging about stones that mark the graves of their ancestors. Frequently only a portion of an inscription is visible on a fallen and half-buried stone; in that case more or less digging must be done in order to bring the whole inscription to light. Or it might be that we merely suspected the existence of an inscription on the buried side of a large stone. Implements suitable for light digging were always carried, but for serious digging and for raising and turning heavy stones, the villagers were pressed into service. In return for a pittance they would come with mattocks and levers, and soon the inscription would be exposed to view. It frequently happened that, after I had transferred to my notebook and impression-case the inscription on an upturned cemetery-stone, the villagers would replace the stone in its old bed, but just as often they would leave it lying by the side of the unfilled hole.

It would be natural to suppose that, though eagerness to turn an honest penny might make them ready to disturb the abode of the dead, they would be chary enough about laying violent hands upon their own *houses* at the bidding of a stranger. But such is not the case. As soon as I had ascertained for a certainty that a given stone in the wall of a house was inscribed, my chief servant would begin negotiations with the house-owner, who for a ridiculously small sum was always willing to demolish enough of the wall of his house to enable me to read the inscription; I have made holes fully a yard square in the walls of houses. As may be imagined, the stones that are built into walls are found in all sorts of positions; if they were deeply buried bottom-side up in the foundations of a mosque or pretentious house, a deep hole would have to be dug in order to reach the beginning of the inscription; not infrequently I have had to lie with my head far down in such a hole in order to decipher the inscription. Such a position becomes very painful after a while; if the inscription be badly defaced and the sun be pouring down with all his fierceness, the man who essays the decipherment has need to steel his heart, for under such circumstances the temptation to do slovenly work is very great, and it is not lessened by the almost positive knowledge that all his zeal and devotion will be rewarded by an attack of malarial fever on the morrow.

J. R. S. STERRETT.

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LONDON NEWSPAPERS OF 1776 AND THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

LONDON, January, 1898.

Nowadays an English provincial newspaper, under the heading of "America Day by Day," gives its readers the news of what has happened in the United States the day before. Throughout the United Kingdom also the daily papers publish longer or shorter accounts of American news. How different were things a hundred and twenty years ago. Then, sailing packets or ordinary merchantmen arrived from New York or other ports with intelligence only of what had happened weeks before, and of the news of only one part of the country. Sometimes, by some vessels having quicker passages than others that had sailed sooner, later news arrived first, and the gaps were filled up afterwards.

Much had happened since "the embattled farmers" had "fired the shot heard round the world." The war between the United Colonies and Great Britain had been actively carried on for a considerable period. At the same time a paper warfare was kept up in the London newspapers upon the question of the rightfulness, or otherwise, of the resistance made by the Colonies. It was on the 9th of August, 1776, that the following letter, under the signature of "A Virginia Planter," pithily put the case for the United Colonies, in the *Gazetteer and New Daily Advertiser:*

To the Printer of the Gazetteer:

Without entering into any discussion of the hacknied controversy, whether America can or cannot be constitutionally bound by acts of the British Parliament, it is pretty evident that at no period of our Government since the Revolution have our public affairs been so badly conducted, particularly respecting that country. I will grant, for argument's sake merely, that America has throughout this whole contest been in the wrong; this being allowed, a question will instantly present itself, in what manner ought Administration to have proceeded; not, surely, by violent sanguinary measures; or if violent measures were become necessary, was it not equally cruel, unfeeling, and impolitic to involve the *innocent* in the same punishment with the *guilty?* This is the rock on which our blundering Governors have split. This is what has created a continental army, and given union to the several Members of Congress. This has taught the Provincials discipline, given them a paper currency, and inspired them with a spirit of freedom equal to any of the inhabitants of the ancient Republics. In short, Administration, by their various acts of indiscriminate and wanton oppression and provocation, have done more towards uniting all America against them in the penning of a few acts of Parliament and angry votes, in a few weeks, than all the factions, leaders, and demagogues from Halifax to St. Augustine could effect in half a century.

I lived in America for several years. I know the disposition of the people well, and am not yet quite two years from that country. When I left it, except a few speculative writers, and a few others, perhaps men of dark and ambitious views, I can affirm that there was not one man in a hundred who did not abhor the idea of American independency. I remember, in particular, the inhabitants of the Midland and Southern Colonies expressed the most unqualified detestation and disapprobation of any such design; and I recollect, too, that private explanations were desired and had on this point from some of the leading men in New England, before the other Colonies would consent to co-operate in any plan for forming a Common-Council for their united protection.

I am further well informed, that, so late as autumn, 1775, most of the Colonies still preserved their allegiance; and that it was not till after the prohibitory bill had passed, and the burning of the towns on the sea coast, that the idea of independency was ever held out as a *favorite* or *popular* topic. If, therefore, America, trained to arms and aroused by the repeated injuries it has received, should prove successful in the course of the present campaign, or should be able to protract the war to another year, I will venture to foretell, without the gift of prophecy, that she will never again be brought back to acknowledge a state of dependency on this country; and that the *whole force* of Great Britain will not *be able to compel her to it.*

The leading article was not yet in vogue. A newspaper was mainly a composition of paragraphs of news, of letters to the editor, and of advertisements. In the same number of the *Gazetteer* in which the Virginia Planter's letter appeared, there is what is nowadays called a leader. In this the editor adopts the views of a correspondent who severely criticises the ministers of the day in their actions towards the American Colonies. Especially caustic are the denunciations of the Colonial Secretary of the day, Lord George Germain. The following extract will show that, even in England, the course taken by the British Government was, in some quarters, vehemently denounced:

"There appears indeed too much reason to fear that all future attempts to reconcile the breach will prove ineffectual; Ministry are determined, and Ministry (continues our correspondent) have hitherto been determined to persist in their violent resolutions: England or America must therefore fall; one or other of these countries are devoted victims of a prostituted act of the most abandoned st——n that ever cursed this or any other k——m. A Minister, who in the field disgraced the British troops on the plains of Minden; he, it is, ye Britons, who is rewarded for his cowardice with one of the most important offices in the State. Lord George Germain has now the bravery to load the American leaders in the Cabinet with every vile and opprobrious appellation, who in the field he would tremble to meet. We cannot, however, forbear to admire his Lordship's policy in holding a situation wherein he can exercise the thunder of his eloquence, without any dread of the consequence. He can bestow the epithet of rebel, and forget that himself is a cowardly runaway, whose heroism can extend no farther than blustering declamation. But a dissection of his Lordship's character as a soldier and a statesman will be too wide a field for us to enter into within this narrow compass; we will therefore quit the subject, and once more repeat our regret that such a man should direct our councils, who has proved himself divested of those delicate feelings which ought to characterize the man who is entrusted with the honour of a nation."

In a subsequent issue the Colonial Secretary is referred to as Lord George *Minden.*

The *Gazetteer* was not the only paper that was down upon Lord George. The *Morning Post* of the 10th of August said: "Lord George Germain has taken advantage of the late dispatches, to show that his plan of the war, to carry it on entirely from Canada, was right; and would have been attended with all those effects which he pointed out; he has mentioned this so often to the King, that his Majesty is tired of both him and his plan."

Things were really in such a parlous state that it does not seem to have surprised any one when the news arrived that the Colonies had declared their independence. On the 12th of August the papers each and all appearing on that day contained, in identical words, the folowing paragraph: "Advice is received, that the Congress resolved upon Independence the 4th of July, and, it is said, have declared war against Great Britain in form." A mail from America had reached London the day before which had been brought to Falmouth from New York, by the *Mercury* packet-boat. It seems reasonable to suppose that the short paragraph above quoted, that went the round of the papers, was a *communiqué* from the Government. Had there been an organized agency for collecting news, it could hardly have failed to post the press as to the contents of the Declaration itself.

On the 13th of August the *Gazetteer* published the following items:

"By a private letter received by the *Mercury* packet we are informed, when the Congress resolved upon independence, there were present several foreigners of different nations, amongst whom were some persons of distinction from the Courts of Versailles and Madrid.

"A correspondence, we are assured, has been carried on between the Delegates of the American Congress and our natural enemies, the French and Spaniards, and that it was in consequence of the latter promising to give the former every assistance in their power, that the Americans declared for independence.

"As soon as the Colonies declared themselves independent States, two foreign vessels, which were at Philadelphia, slipped their cables, and sailed with the intelligence to the above courts.

"By a private letter from Philadelphia we have advice, that the Congress had made a great naval promotion, viz., two Admirals, two Commodores, and several captains."

The *Morning Chronicle and London Advertiser* of August 14 said:

"Copies of the Declarations of War by the Provincials are now in Town, and are said to be couched in the strongest terms—that having now drawn the sword in defence of all that is dear to them, they are determined never to sheath it till a full compensation is made for the cruel oppressions they have sustained.

"It is said the American Provinces have not only declared themselves independent, but that they have sent memorials thereof, and of their proceedings, to most of the Courts in Europe."

In the same number of the *Morning Chronicle* is printed the Report, dated New London Harbour, April 9, 1776, made to Congress by Commodore Esech. Hopkins, of the operations of his fleet. There is also this ominous paragraph, bearing upon the attitude of France:

"Express upon express, and those of a very interesting Nature, are hourly arriving from our Ambassador at Paris, and Mr. St. Paul is detained here to explain them. Lord Stormont is certainly trifled with by the French Court, and our Ministry, it is said, have not the spirit to demand a categorical answer to a requisition they have made, respecting certain armaments getting ready at the various seaports. The French are between hawk and buzzard, whether to sign and avow a treaty with the American Congress, before the event of the seizure of New York, or to declare them rebels to their parent state, the point to which Lord Stormont is instructed to fix them; but no definitive answer, it seems, is likely to be obtained."

The full text of the Declaration of Independence is first found in the *British Chronicle* for August 14-16. There it appears with the subscription, "signed by Order, and in behalf of the Congress, *John Hancock, President. Attest, Charles Thomson, Secretary.*" A few days afterwards another paper

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published it. On the 15th of August the *Morning Post* treated its readers to the following lively paragraph about the leading men of the newly born American nation:

"Arnold, the Commander-in-Chief of the rebels in Canada, once kept the Intelligence Office in the archway leading from St. Paul's churchyard to Doctors Commons, and having in an intrigue with a certain citizen's wife expended more than his finances would admit, was tempted to try his fortune on the highway. This step obliged him to decamp, and to take up his residence among the saints, a race of men among whom such conduct can hardly be held disgraceful, as they derive their origin principally from pickpockets and reprieved felons. Accordingly, as no better man could be found in this land of heroes, he was opposed to Carleton. Plunder being the object of the Congress in the expedition to Canada, they chose, with great propriety, a thief and a robber for the leader.—Hancock, the President of the Congress, is a ruined, and therefore a discontented, smuggler.—Adams, a pettifogger, was, for want of common honesty, refused a place under government.—Lee, because not appointed to a regiment out of his turn, joined these desperadoes. May we not justly apply to such wretches the words of Gamaliel on a similar occasion?—'Ye men of Israel, take heed to yourselves what ye intend to do as touching these men. For before these days rose up Theudas, boasting himself to be somebody, to whom a number of men, about four hundred, joined themselves; who was slain, and all, as many as obeyed him, were scattered and brought to nought. After this man rose up Judas of Galilee, *in the days of the taxing*, and drew away much people after him; he also perished, and all, even as many as obeyed him, were dispersed.' Have we not reason to believe that Washington and Putnam, the Judas-and Theudas of America, will share the same fate? The hand of heaven must be against unnatural rebels, who, in hopes of repairing their own ruined fortunes, bring famine, nakedness, and the sword upon a deluded multitude."

Having regard to the racy nature of some of the paragraphs in the *Morning Post* of that era, one hardly expected to find the editor quoting Scripture for the edification of his readers. Of course Franklin did not go unnoticed. Of him the *Morning Chronicle* of the 16th of August had the following mention:

"A correspondent says that Dr. Franklin, when in England, got himself appointed Post Master of half America—his son Governor of New Jersey; and his friend Stamp Master of Pennsylvania. That being returned to Philadelphia, he obtained a seat in the Congress, whilst his son remained Governor of New Jersey, and stickler for the measures of Administration, whereby he is become so dangerous and detestable to the people, that they have taken him into custody, and sent him prisoner to Connecticut. By this manœuvre of Dr. Franklin, if the Americans prevail, then he is the patriot that saved them. If the Crown prevails, then his son, the Governor, is to be rewarded for his services, and for the persecution that he suffers. So that, let who will triumph, the Doctor and his family will be on the right side."

The writer little knew that Franklin lamented that his son's craving for being styled "His Excellency" had kept him on the Loyalist side.

Of Paine's pamphlet entitled 'Common Sense,' the *Morning Post* of the 19th of August says, attributing it to Franklin:

"No less than 46,000 of the pamphlet called *Common Sense* have been printed and dispersed in different parts of America, which has been attended with a greater effect than any other public performance of the kind that ever appeared in any country, and gave the decisive spirit for independency.

"The Queen once found the Prince of Wales reading Dr. Franklin's pamphlet, *Common Sense;* she expressed her disapprobation, and asked him who put it into his hands. He answered *Nobody.* Where did you get it? *I don't know.* When did you see it first? *I can't tell.* Who has seen you reading it? *I know nothing at all of the matter.* It seems clearly from hence no easy task to get anything out of his Royal Highness that he does not wish to communicate."

At last we come upon some expression of editorial opinion upon the Declaration of Independence. It is in the following short paragraph in the *Morning Post* of Monday, the 19th of August:

"The Congress have acted with the utmost impolicy, in declaring the United Colonies free and independent States: for, after such an avowal of their Republican principles, every European Power must now abandon them to the punishment due to their Villainy and folly."

In the *Gazetteer* of the same day is a longer paragraph, inspired by a correspondent, in which it is declared that

"We have lost America for ever: hopes of a reconciliation are fled even from those who have plunged us into these distresses. The secret counsels of a few are the cause of all this mischief: and it becomes the public of all ranks to turn their eyes and attention to those few, and make them answerable for their conduct. . . . The people cry out to their Sovereign for the lives of their fellow subjects, lost in a fruitless, inglorious, contest. They cry out for justice against those by whose counsels half the British Empire is lost, the treasures of the nation wasted, its forces employed in wreaking the revenge of a few, the safety of the kingdom endangered, and the reputation both of Prince and people tarnished in the eyes of all Europe."

The *Morning Post* of the 20th of August published "A Reply to the Declaration of the Representatives of the Disunited States in America, in Congress Assembled," as supplied to the editor by a correspondent. In the same issue appears the following paragraph:

"The Congress, we are credibly informed, have erected an honorable military order, as a spur to the abilities of the Provincial officers; it is called the order of Independency; and it is to consist of the President, the Hon. John Hancock, Esq.; and twenty-four Knights Companions;—the three following are invested with it, viz., Gens. Washington, Putnam, and Wooster—they wear the silver star, with five points, on the left breast, and an apple-green ribbon across the right shoulder, with the figure of America sacrificing at the shrine of liberty."

On the 20th of August the *Gazetteer*, again inspired by a correspondent, had an article almost of the length of a leading article of our day. The following extract from it seems not altogether inapplicable to the present condition of affairs with regard to Cuba:

"The trade with America we have irrecoverably lost, and our good friends, the French and Spaniards, are at length in quiet possession of that inexhaustible mine of treasure. They now enjoy unmolested what they have a long time secretly endeavored to obtain." . . . "The American trade has too many allurements to escape the attention and pursuit of the French and Spanish Courts. They laugh at the idea of our Ministry, in expecting to withhold the intercourse of commerce upon a private dispute between a King and his subjects, as to the last degree absurd. But to carry on that farce, they will amuse us with promises which they have no intention to keep, and feed our Ministry with vain expectations of neutrality."

The views of those who did not approve of the policy of the Government are completely summarized in a sarcastic paragraph in the *Morning Post* of the 21st of August. Therein it is reported that a subscription had just been set on foot by the Patriotic Party, "to purchase the remainder of the *scaffolding* in Westminster Hall, *for the use of the Ministry.*" D. D.

Correspondence.

THE SPANISH MINISTER'S LETTER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir:

WHAT WASHINGTON WOULD HAVE SAID.

(*Coldly.*) "I cannot allow the amicable relations of two countries to be impaired by anything which an officer of Spain may have said in his private official correspondence concerning my personal character. There is no reason for me to suppose that either his Catholic Majesty or his Ministers approved of the letter or will approve it, or that they will sanction its publication. I desire that the subject be not again referred to."

WHAT LINCOLN WOULD HAVE SAID.

"Well, I am sorry that this Mr. De Lome hadn't a better opinion of me. I reckon that he must have been reading the newspapers about that time. But, you know, it isn't the writing of a thing which constitutes a libel; it is the publishing it. Therefore, the question is, whether Mr. De Lome stole his own letter and gave it to somebody to give it to the newspapers." X.

Washington, February, 1898.

THE STRATEGY OF HAWAII.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Without entering for a moment into the merits of the Hawaiian question, will you permit me to say a word as to the strategic questions involved? They cannot be so summarily pushed aside as your Seattle correspondent, in the last issue of the *Nation*, thinks.

A naval defence of the Hawaiian Islands and of all our Pacific Coast is limited to one issue or objective—the enemy's fleet. Wherever this fleet and attacking force is met and fought, there the question of the defence of our Pacific possessions is met and settled. If the enemy's fleet is met and reduced to a non-effective condition—whether that be done in mid-ocean, off the coast of Alaska, or at the mouth of the Columbia River—then Alaska, Hawaii, and the coast of our Pacific States has been successfully defended.

A division of the enemy's attacking fleet for the purpose of threatening two places would be a military blunder and subject it to be beaten in detail. C. H. S.

30 Kay Street, Newport, R. I.,
February 11, 1898.

"STILLMAN'S ESSAYS."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Nobody can be more fully aware than I of the uselessness of kicking against the

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pricks of criticism, or as a rule more indifferent to critical attacks in malice, or more attentive to just strictures; but the misrepresentation of my views in the review of 'The Old Rome and the New' in the *Nation* of January 13 makes it obligatory on me to protest.

I have never objected to artists drawing from or studying nature as much as they please, but to the habit of depending on the model, or the facts of nature, in their painting. I say, in an article which is a criticism of Ruskin's theory, and not the statement of my own:

"Ruskin's feeling as to art may have been *au fond* correct, but it was so disturbed and perverted by his theories and the settled conviction that art was simply the uncompromising rendering of Nature as she appears to the bodily vision, that he left out of all consideration *the subjective transformation of natural truth which is the basis of art;* or, if he reckoned it in, it was to persuade himself that it was due to a peculiarity of vision in the painter."

And again:

"Art does not lie in representing Nature, but in the *manner* of representing her, and may *equally* be employed in invented and conventionalized forms *as in repeating hers.*"

In the two essays in which I state my own theories there occur the following passages:

"*But science and nature cannot go wrong,* . . . and as I am not without hope that Science may some day show us immortality, and that matter is not all, so I trust that we shall find even in the Actual the proof that the Ideal is something better and nobler than the Actual's accidental results, and that Art is *no more* bound to follow nature than Religion to serve Science." "Painting and sculpture are materialized *by their subjection to the facts of nature. They draw their language, the prime elements of their creation, from a visible world, so full in its vocabulary that the artist cannot escape from the suggestion of its terms, if he would be understood.* Color is, and in its highest expressions can only be, subjective, to be treated like music, orchestrally; but the *element of form is necessarily dependent on Nature for the intelligibility of its terms and types, the artist having only the faculty of exalting and refining her forms into what we recognize as the ideal;* but the essential condition of all of the arts of design becoming true art is in their being expression, not imitation. . . . *The idealist gets his materials from nature, but he recasts them in expression;* the realist who is no artist repeats them as he gets them. This is the fundamental distinction in all design; the copyist is not an artist. It is this, and not the choice of subject, or the more or less decided tendency of a painter or a school, which constitutes the distinction between 'high,' or true, art and 'low,' or spurious, art; the test is not in fidelity to nature, but to one's own self. . . . Not that the distinction can be drawn sharply, so that we can in every case say that painters shall fall in one or the other category; *but just in the proportion that an artist depends on his model or the actual material furnished by nature, so he is removed from pure art.* The essential conditions of a true art education, if we are to develop a genuine school, are the cultivation, *above all others,* of the faculties of rapid observation and *retention of the significant facts,* and putting before the eye the essential truths of what was seen, memorizing the flitting panorama of nature and training the power of conception and the imagination by exercising and depending on them. . . . To work from knowledge of things, rather than from information of their superficial aspects, is the end to be kept in view: *to get rid of the model as far as is possible* is the first step to the right education; *dependence on the model* the obstacle to it."

The clear meaning of what I have said is, that the *scientific* study of nature is a stumbling-block to the artist, who is only interested in knowing how things look and in conveying the impression they give, and that literal copying of nature is not art.

Yours truly, W. J. STILLMAN.

ROME, January 27, 1898.

[We are very sorry that Mr. Stillman should feel that he has been misrepresented, and gladly afford him this opportunity to explain his position. We expressly conceded that he probably did not hold the extreme views which might be logically deduced from some of his statements, and from the premise of his definition of art.—ED. NATION.]

PORCHER'S MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Walter Lee Brown's letter in the *Nation* of February 10 sheds abundant light on C. L. Porcher's editions of the 'Meditations of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.' He has shown "C. L. Porcher" to be Capel Lofft, and has given interesting details of his biography and work. He has, in fact, done more than he claims. For, when he spends a paragraph in suggestions about the sources of the name "Porcher," he overlooks the fact that he has already given the indisputable reason for it. He has stated that the copy in the Astor Library, inscribed and presented by Lofft himself, has on the title "Porcher" lined out, followed by "=Stoic." This plainly indicates that "Porcher" means "man of the Porch or Stoa." It is superfluous, then, to speculate about Lofft's possible acquaintance with one of the Southern family of Porchers, who are of Huguenot descent.

As regards the Latin phrase marking the date, "A. Liberatæ Reip. I." appears to have been used first to denote 1861, and afterwards 1863. May not the Stoic scholar have regarded the American republic as practically freed from slavery by the secession of the bulk of the slaveholding States in 1861, or by the war then begun? Many Americans at that time so regarded the case. President Lincoln, however, then declared otherwise; but in 1863 he issued his Emancipation Proclamation, and Lofft may have felt that he had now official sanction for his style of dating. His residence in the South after the war does not indicate pro-slavery feeling.

J. P. LAMBERTON.

PHILADELPHIA, February 12, 1898.

A VERSE VULGARISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The suppression of final *g* in the ending of English participles and verbal nouns is one of the commonest of vulgarisms. To call forms so abridged provincial would be absurd, since they are found not only in the low life, but also among the careless speakers of every locality in England and America. Paddies, Cockneys, Down-Easters, Bowery boys, Hoosiers, Crackers, and negroes—indeed, all natural economists in speech—drop with impunity the final *g* of weak syllables. This omission of the guttural has, in course of time, come to be regarded as sanctified to the uses of those who dwell in or make constant excursions into the slums of language. But it has a higher province. The purpose of this slight contribution is to indicate the frequency of the elision in verse, and to discuss the part that it plays in the dialect of rimers.

Many writers of light or humorous verse from the time of Samuel Butler have clipped their *g's* for the sake of their rimes. The *Hudibras* abounds in examples: I, i, 915-916, urging, virgin; I, ii, 199-200, discoursing, Orsin; I, iii, 251-252, ragamuffin, huffing; II, ii, 497-498, curmudgin, grudging; II, iii, 33-34, pecking, reckon (a rime that would have delighted Field); III, ii, 451-452, reason, teasing; III, ii, 161-162, doing, ruin; III, ii, 245-246, ruins, outgoings; III, iii, 329-330, maiming, famine. John Gay employs the elision under strong provocation (*Epistle* XII, undoing, ruin). But the poets of our own century have been the chief offenders. Note the occurrence and recurrence of the license in one poem of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, the "Black Mousquetaire": admit in, befitting; divulging, indulge in; delight in, fighting; doing, ruin; urchin, birching; wink in, thinking. Then turn to Thackeray's examples: sudden, scudding (*The White Squall*); piping, snipe in (*Peg of Limavaddy*); drinking, sink in; priest in, feasting (*Legend of St. Sophia*). Charles Lamb presses the elision into service in his *Farewell to Tobacco;* admiring, siren.

The vulgarism is perhaps in keeping with the tone of society verse or with the light ballad movement; but we should hardly expect to find it in serious poetry. In point of fact, the free lances who trample under the hind feet of the measures on which they are mounted all laws of word-stress, seem to regard the omission of the final *g* as the very least of irregularities. The greatest enemies of rigid verse and true rime among poets of established position—if we limit ourselves to the present century—have been, I think we shall all agree, Leigh Hunt, Byron, Mrs. Browning, and our own Whittier. In all these the elision is common; in the poetess it is rampant. Hunt rimes emerging and virgin (*Story of Rimini*), snapping and rap in (*Feast of Poets*), shining and wine in (*To J. H.*), and bobbing and Robin (*To J. H.*). It is dangerous, particularly in the case before us, to assert a negative, yet I feel safe in saying that there are no similar rimes in Keats, who, as a member of Hunt's "Cockney School," would naturally employ them; nor do I find them in Shelley. Byron has the excuse of his Bernesque tone for the occurrence of the false rime in *Beppo* and *Don Juan*. Indeed, he uses it generally in laughing mood: *Beppo*, VI, agreeing, glee in; XXXIX, charming, alarming, harm in; *Don Juan*, V, xlvi, building, gilding, skilled in; V, cxviii, liking, striking, pike in; V, cxxx, imagine, waging, raging; V, cli, according, sword in, wording; XI, xxxviii, Erin, wearing (with the last rime compare Campbell's *Exile of Erin*, I—Erin, repairing—where the Scotchman uses a rich Milesian brogue very applicable to the actions of his wanderer).

Yet in verse Byron is a martinet beside Mrs. Browning. Long since, Edgar Allan Poe raised his voice in protest against the multiplicity of inadmissible rimes in the *Drama of Exile*. "We would wish," he said (Stedman and Woodberry Ed. VI, 312), "that she had not thought it proper to couple Eden and succeeding, . . . taming and overcame him, coming and woman, . . . children and bewildering." Other such rimes are as numerous in her works as occurrences of wîp and lîp in the *Nibelungen Lied: Drama of Exile*, sleeping, ankle-deep in; praying, day in; *Lady*

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Geraldine's Courtship, woman, gloaming; admiring, iron; *Cry of the Children*, IX, resounding, round him; XI, heaven, unbelieving; *Fourfold Aspect*, bounding, round him; *Hector in Garden*, XIII, ruin, renewing; *Lost Bower*, XXIX, linen, winning; XXXV, hushing, cushion; XXXVIII, waken, overtaking; *Wine of Cyprus*, III, deep in, leaping; XV, Nazianzen, glancing; XVII, morning, shone in; *Cry of the Human*, II, human, coming; X, live in, giving; XIII, beholding, golden (compare *Mourning Mother*, II); *A Flower in a Letter*, XI, rewarding, garden; *The Dead Pan*, VI, flowing, slow in; XII, golden, infolding; XVI, driven, heaving; XXVII, Sion, dying; XXVIII, alone in, moaning; XXXIX, nothing, truth in; *A Child's Grave*, played in, fading; XXVIII, spring in, singing; XXXI, falling, all in. The frequency of such rimes invites the almost flippant inquiry, "Did Mrs. Browning drop her *g's* in ordinary conversation?" This unhappy explanation must, however, be abandoned as soon as proposed. The very violence of her riming is—paradox though it seem—the best defence of her pronunciation; couplets like deserting and parting or driven and heaving certainly do not indicate that the poetess said "desarting" or "dreeven" (save the mark!), but simply that the connecting link between her lines is neither a regular assonance nor a rigid rime. Whether the same plea may be made for Whittier is doubtful; for not even the most ardent admirer of the Quaker poet's spontaneous melody can deny that, in his rough-hewn political poems at least, disregard of technique, inaccurate word-use, and faulty construction, and lastly many clumsy verses and rimes, point to a lack of training in the schools. The examples selected are naturally from his polemics: a-darting, Martin (*A Letter*, Cambridge Ed. Works, p. 299); trimming, women (*id.*); lurking, jerkin (*Lines on a Portrait*, 310); brimming, women (*The Shoemakers*, p. 358).

So much for the humorists and verse-libertines. But the vulgarism is not limited to the rimes of these writers: Dryden allows it at the end of his "resounding line," when he couples certain and parting (a Yankeeism noted by Lowell, Introd. 2d Ser. *Biglow Papers*). Such a master of verse as Coleridge condescends to use it (*A Day Dream*, remounting, fountain, humming, woman). Such an artist as Rossetti tolerates it, as in *A Last Confession*, laughing, half in. Sir Walter Scott, in his poem on Helvellyn, rimes the name of the peak with yelling; but the rimer, as well as the lover of scenery, would have to go far to find a match to this mountain (compare Mortimer Collins, *The Ivory Gate*; Stedman's Victorian Anthology, 316, Helvellyn, swelling). In his use of the license, Wordsworth has applied, in an unexpected way, his theory that poetic diction should not differ from the ordinary speech of men. In the weakest stanza that he ever wrote (*Ellen Irwin*, Globe Ed., 152) travelling is coupled with javelin; in the *Seven Sisters*, Globe, 208, Erin with steering (the poet, handle he ever so carefully the rudder of his verse, can hardly hope to escape shipwreck on that coast); and elsewhere in his works we meet together waggon and dragging (*Waggoner*, III, Globe, p. 230), inviting and delight in (*Triad*, Globe, 661), pursuing and ruin (*Furness Abbey*, Globe, 735), coming and omen (*Ode on the Imagination*, Globe, 550). But the *locus classicus* of the vulgarism—and we are almost beginning to doubt its vulgarity—is in the work that stands, as Emerson justly declares, "at the high-water mark of nineteenth-century poetry," the *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality* (Globe, 359):

> "Oh evil day! if I were *sullen*
> While Earth herself is adorning
> This sweet May-morning,
> And the children are *culling*
> In a thousand valleys far and wide
> Fresh flowers."

This is the greatest triumph of the silent *g*.

I think enough has been said to show that the territory of the guttural elision must be extended to embrace many slopes of Parnassus. Length of days and ability to count will, however, enable any one to multiply indefinitely my scanty list of examples.

F. T., Jr.

University of Vermont,
Burlington, February 7, 1898.

[The suppressed *g* partly avenges itself in this country by attaching itself in speech to final syllables in *n*, as "certing," "certingly," for certain, certainly.—Ed. Nation.]

THE PROPER REVISION OF THE PRESS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I venture to call your more special attention to a peculiar defect which I have found in many books published in this country, in the hope that you may bring your powerful influence to bear for the correction of the evil. I refer to a class of errors of the press, or rather errors of revision, which is hard to define, but very annoying to the intelligent reader and a serious discredit to American scholarship. I do not mean mistakes in the spelling of common English words, such as should be corrected by the ordinary proof-reader. From these the books of our best publishers are now quite reasonably free. Printers' proof-readers seem to be as efficient and accurate as they could be expected to be for the small wages they receive. But many American books contain errors of a higher order, which the ordinary proof-reader cannot be expected to detect, and does not detect, but which yet seriously diminish the pleasure of the intelligent reader. It would seem that our publishers, even some of the greatest, do not employ competent revisers of the press, but trust wholly to the printer's proof-reader. Now, accurate and comprehensive scholarship is no doubt scarcer and more expensive in America than in Europe. Still, it is becoming more abundant and cheaper every year, and I feel quite sure the time has come when our publishers can afford to have all their important books read by competent revisers. In no other way can they get rid of a class of errors which are misleading to young readers and annoying to more experienced ones, as well as damaging to the reputation of American scholarship.

Some of the mistakes referred to may perhaps seem trifling, and are doubtless often overlooked by careless readers. Sometimes a word is displaced by another of similar appearance—as laws for lands, divided for derived, national for natural, Edwin Burke for Edmund Burke, yield for wield, impart for import, arisen for risen—all of which are found in an excellent book on French politics issued by one of our best publishers. Shown for shone and affect for effect are good specimens of this variety.

Sometimes it is the misplacing of words which makes confusion. In a recent book on Greek history Solon is said to have been "endeavoring to make evil out of good," quite contrary to the received view of his character. Probably the words "good" and "evil" have been transposed. Sometimes it is the omission of a word which does the mischief. I could give several sentences where the word "not" has been omitted. In a recent reprint of a valuable historical work the word "which" has been omitted from one passage, "but" from another, and "than" from a third.

Sometimes it is not easy to say what is the matter with a sentence which is evidently crippled in some way. In a recent work of high rank on the history of the Middle Ages, there are several sentences which, whether from the omission or transposition of words, seem quite devoid of meaning. I puzzled over one of these sentences for half an hour, and at last decided that if "every" were substituted for "the only," the meaning would be restored. But, after all, perhaps the author would not agree with me.

Sometimes, no doubt, errors are chargeable to the author or translator himself, or, rather, to the pernicious practice of requiring the final revision of proofs to be done by the author. He is just the one who ought *not* to do this, because he cannot possibly know the exact limits of his own knowledge. A competent reviser is quite likely to detect errors in fact as well as in word which have escaped the author's notice, and will always have expert assistants at his command for important books. Translators, especially, need constant supervision. One of our great publishing-houses has a book, translated from the Italian, in which there is a curious error illustrating this point, as well as the general subject. The reader of this book finds himself suddenly stumbling over the name Evemero. Obviously the translator found it in the text and did not recognize it or know what to do with it, and so transferred it bodily to his English translation. The proof-reader, of course, did not recognize it either, and let it stand. Probably many young readers have puzzled over it and looked for it in their dictionaries in vain. But the experienced reviser would know that Evemero is merely the Italian form of the name Euhemerus, and that the allusion is to the Euhemeristic theory of the origin of the gods.

Many other examples of like errors might be looked up in the books of even our best publishers, especially of the last and most important class mentioned, those in which the author himself needs some one to stand between him and the printer. They have not learned that business ability and scholarship are quite different things, seldom coexisting in the same person, and that both are necessary to the proper management of a great publishing-house. They often lose money on worthless books whose worthlessness they might have found out easily beforehand, and they often issue important books in a way which is no credit to them, because they do not understand what competent revision is, or will not pay the cost of it.

Hoping that you will agree with me on this subject, and will give the publishers some *ex-cathedra* advice about it, I remain,

Yours fraternally, Rusticus.

Campbell, Cal., January 5, 1898.

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DREYFUS AND THE JESUITS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Allow me to say that your note on p. 41 ("The rioting in Paris indicates only two things," etc.) is not correct. Parisians at large don't believe that Dreyfus was a spy; they don't believe, either, that the present row is kicked up by the Jews. In fact, Parisians at large don't riot, and don't recommend that somebody should be spat upon. They are attentive, anxious, and they wait.

The rioters and the "spitters" are nothing but the pupils and the servants of the Jesuits. These worthies have a far greater influence on French politics than the "haute finance." About fifteen years ago they contrived to get under their control a good part of our War Office, from which unbelievers, Protestants and Jews, have been slowly but surely removed. They know that the impending rehabilitation of an innocent man, who was condemned because he was a Jew and for no other reason, is a big stone menacing their supremacy, so they are fighting desperately, and spending lots of money to make people believe (1) that Dreyfus really betrayed; (2) that his partisans are either Jews or writers hired by Jews. As that wicked nonsense cannot last, the money of the Jesuits will be spent in vain. Perhaps when France recovers from her present nightmare, and things are investigated in a calm spirit, we shall hear very curious facts about the good Fathers and their loathsome protégé, M. Édouard Drumont.

Truly yours, SALOMON REINACH.

CHÂTEAU DE SAINT GERMAIN-EN-LAYE,
February 2, 1898.

Notes.

A new series of scientific books, edited by Prof. Cattell of Columbia University, in coöperation with Frank Evers Beddard in England, will soon be begun by Messrs. Putnam. 'The Stars,' by Prof. Newcomb; 'The Earth as a Planet,' by Prof. Young; 'Earth Structure,' by Prof. James Geikie; 'Volcanoes,' by Prof. Bonney; 'The History of Science,' by Charles S. Peirce; 'Age, Growth, Sex, and Death,' by Prof. Charles S. Minot, are some of the titles already announced. The same house will shortly have ready an American edition of 'Le Soutien de Famille,' Daudet's last work, under the title of 'The Wage-Earner.'

Henry Holt & Co. promise early publication of a 'Primer of the Bible,' by W. H. Bennett, a compact manual for those who wish to study the Bible in the light of contemporary criticism. They are the American publishers of 'Turgeneff and his French Circle,' which we mentioned last week in Mr. Fisher Unwin's London list.

'The Essentials of Argument,' by E. J. MacEwan, M.A., is soon to appear with the imprint of D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

'In King's Houses, or the Adventures of Robin Sandys,' by Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, is announced by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

If all the first-fruits of Greater New York were equal in quality to the 'First Report of a Book-Collector,' which Dodd, Mead & Co. announce for issue on February 18, there would be cause for rejoicing. Mr. William Harris Arnold, who relates his brief but successful experience in collecting, has chosen to seek a printer at the Marion Press, of whose productions and high standard our readers know something, but which now first can display the imprint "Jamaica, Queensborough, New York." Mr. Hopkins's Long Island establishment has, in other words, been annexed to Mr. Croker's domain. Mr. Arnold's gossip is light, practical, and entertaining, and is attended by a scientific description of the principal "book worms" of the destructive class. What, besides the hand-made paper, the fine execution of the letter-press, and the elegant vellum binding, most distinguishes the book, however, is the rich variety of facsimiles of leaves, title-pages, MS., and so forth, chiefly drawn from Mr. Arnold's accumulation, pertinently bound in with the text, as well as some original leaves to show their successful mending, the cleansing of foxing, the ravages of worms, etc., along with fragments of booksellers' and auctioneers' catalogues, a portrait of Mr. Quaritch, etc. These alone would delight any owner of one of the eighty-five copies to which Mr. Arnold's pretty conception is limited.

We have noticed in instalments the progress of the admirable 'Encyclopædia of Sport,' edited by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, Hedley Peek, and F. G. Aflalo (Putnams). The first volume (A-Leo) makes a truly noble appearance, with its clear text, its numerous full-page plates, and abundant process cuts from nature and from drawings. The binding is a simple green cloth.

An index must be judged a sufficient excuse for a new edition of any book worth issuing at all. This has been provided for the late George Hooper's popular and readable 'Campaign of Sedan—The Downfall of the Second Empire, August-September, 1870' (London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan), originally published in 1887. Some errors have been corrected, too, and the author's style would have borne a little overhauling; but there has been no general revision. Military maps of Woerth, Spicheren, Colombey-Nouilly, Vionville-Mars-la-Tour, Gravelotte, Sedan, and the war-field as a whole, are grouped at the end, and will be found convenient.

The third bound volume of the *Monthly Bulletin* of the Providence Public Library is a monument to Mr. Foster's rare industry and intelligence in catering for his readers. The richly annotated Reference Lists are continued, with a timeliness witnessed by the titles Crete and Modern Greece, William Bradford and Plymouth Colony, Cabot Bibliography, Hawaiian Islands, Alaska, and British India and England's Interest in Asia. Along with these are lists for Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Scott, really interesting from the pithy judgments of critics and editors appended to the titles; and in the case of Scott an appendix arranges the Waverley Novels chronologically, and gives very full details about the composition of each. There are also Special Catalogues on a variety of subjects, a survey of the books of the year in history, and an index of the periodicals taken by twenty libraries and reading-rooms in Providence. A triple index unlocks these treasures.

From the Reynolds Library, Rochester, N. Y., we have its new 'Reference Catalogue,' which has, of course, a value for other institutions. It is "a classified list of all the books in the Reference department, together with books in the Circulating department which are believed to be useful for consultation." The five classes thus composed are: Bibliography, Encyclopædias, General Treatises, Periodicals and Reviews, Society Transactions and Publications, Public Documents. An author-index and a subject-index complete the scheme. It should be remarked that the typography of this volume is elegant, and yet each title has been set by the linotype machine, in order that an enlarged edition may hereafter be possible at a moderate cost. The authors' names are set in small capitals, and italics are freely used. The full-face captions of divisions and subdivisions have of course been set by hand. Altogether, one would never suspect machine work.

A second, revised edition of a 'List of Books recommended for a High-School Classical Library,' prepared by a committee of the Michigan Schoolmasters' Club, has just been issued by Macmillan. It is a thin pamphlet of thirty-odd pages, selling at ten cents.

The volume of the complete works of Victor Hugo, which has recently come from Hetzel, Paris, is entitled 'En Voyage: France et Belgique.' It is pleasant reading, of a reminiscent character, for it recalls strongly the once famous letters on the Rhine, with their wealth of descriptions of everything mediæval, whether castle, abbey, cathedral, or private house. The Middle Ages were evidently the one preoccupation of Hugo at that period of his life. Though he had had a classical education, and had always a respect for the greatest works of classicism, still it was the picturesque and mysterious Middle Ages that claimed his admiration and awoke his enthusiasm. And this enthusiasm bore other and better fruit than the ballads and drawings which came into fashion as a consequence; it helped largely to draw attention to the beauty and value of the Gothic monuments in which France is so rich, and aided the movement to secure them against further degradation and destruction. In the present volume many instances of this form of Hugo's influence are to be noticed.

We hear less and less nowadays of the Symbolists and the Decadents—not that they have wholly vanished from the field of letters, but that many of them can no longer excite the enthusiasm they once awoke in tender hearts and not over-strong brains. Verlaine himself is not enjoying quite such a reputation as was manufactured for him, and it may well be that he in turn will pass out of sight like many another better and purer poet. He will leave some lines to be quoted in anthologies, as one quotes Villon, but it is possible that this will prove the limit of his fame. And of the other less notorious writers who at one time attracted so much attention, what shall remain? Of Maeterlinck? Of Moréas? Of Mallarmé? They have striven after and occasionally attained new and quaint combinations of verse or words or letters, but they have not renovated poesy and they have not displaced the ancient idols. They have often been absurd, usually unintelligible. They have been violently criticised and as vehemently adored and praised. It is pleasant, therefore, to come upon a review of their efforts and of the task fulfilled by them in a work written by one of themselves, who nevertheless does not go into constant ecstasies concerning himself and them. E. Viglé-Lecocq's 'La Poésie Contemporaine' (Paris: Société du *Mercure de France*) is a book well worth reading, inasmuch as it sets out in serious fashion to explain what the school

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has sought to do and how it set about doing it. It tells much that is interesting and useful to know, and modifies in some essential respects judgments formerly delivered on the points raised.

During the past summer the semi-defunct alumni associations of the various departments of the University of Michigan united and formed a vigorous general society. To membership are eligible the graduates of any department of the University, as also non-graduates who have been absent from the University for some years. The association has a paid secretary, who devotes his time to the interests of the association and of the University. The *Michigan Alumnus*, hitherto a private magazine, has just become the property of the association, and is sent free to all who pay the annual membership fee of one dollar. These various steps are the culmination of the earnest efforts of alumni who have long observed and regretted the weakness that has come from division, and much good is expected to result from the new organization.

All who are interested in classical studies will read with intense interest the first number of the new series of the *American Journal of Archæology*. It consists in the main of the first annual report of the managing committee of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome. Professor Hale's story of the year's promising doings culminates in the discovery at the Vatican of an overlooked Catullus MS. which appears to take equal rank with those of Oxford and Paris, and which the Vatican will now publish. Professor Frothingham tells of his survey of Norba, and tracing of ancient roads connecting the city with others of the Volscian League—a work which foreshadows important revelations hereafter when the Italian Government undertakes the excavations which it denies to foreigners—and of the casts made from Trajan's arch at Beneventum, which are a most desirable addition to collections of Roman sculpture. A page of the Catullus, a full view of and a charming group from the arch, with plans and elevations of the Villa Cheremeteff, the new home of the School, to which all must wish a long and prosperous life, adorn the number.

The principal contents of the *Annales de Géographie* for January are the conclusion of the account of the climate of Eastern Siberia as compared with that of North America in the same latitudes, descriptions of the physical features of southern Provence and the great desert of Australia, and an historical and statistical account of the European agricultural colonization of Algeria. The time of settlement of every important village, in each of the departments, and the number of the original colonists and the present number is given. From this it appears that in 1896 there were nearly 200,000 white farmers, a decrease of about 8,000 within the past eight years. The accompanying map shows the area under cultivation, which, relatively to the arable land, is very small.

An interesting case of coöperation in a public cause is just now being witnessed at Munich, where sixty artists of reputation have agreed to furnish, by the 7th of October next, portraits of distinguished men and women—actors and actresses, composers and musical directors, etc.—who have been connected with the Royal Court and National Theatre since its opening on October 7, 1778. A score of academy professors, among them Lenbach, Defregger, Habermann, Gabriel Max, Uhde, Franz Stuck, Gruetzner, head the list of contributors. The portraits are to be hung in the foyer and other accessible places in the theatre.

With something less than his usual promptness, but with his customary skill, Mr. F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia, produces an imperial panel photograph of the late Henry George (a native of that city), which will be acceptable to a large circle of this writer's admirers.

—We are accustomed to look, in President Eliot's annual reports, for ingenious and suggestive statistics. His latest is no exception in this particular, and we single out his revelations concerning "the increasing number of students admitted to the University for short periods of residence, like one year or two years, who nevertheless obtain some degree from the University, and not infrequently a highly honorable degree like that of Master of Arts." He shows that in the College proper the work of the men admitted to junior and senior standing in the past decade "has been decidedly higher than that of the Harvard undergraduates in the year 1896-'97 as a whole, or that of the senior class of 1897." He shows, further, for the Graduate School, that the rating of the short-residence men who enter it from other colleges, is likewise much higher than the average rating of undergraduates, though it falls below that of Harvard College graduates who pass directly to the Graduate School. The Divinity School tells a similar tale, and President Eliot concludes, justly and wisely, that "there is reason to regard [these short-residence students] with high favor, and make them welcome in every possible way." We will add that a contrary showing would not have diminished one iota the reasonableness of such welcome.

—The implied motive of President Eliot's inquiry is the notion entertained by "some persons" that the significance of the Harvard degrees is impaired by their being won by outsiders in so brief a connection. He does not hint that academic chauvinism lies at the base of such a notion, but we apprehend that it does. This chauvinism is manifest, as we write, in the jealousy of the College towards the University, respecting participation in the election of Overseers by all branches of the University. In consequence of a strong appeal for such an extension of the suffrage, the Board of Overseers, by a narrow majority, approached the Massachusetts Legislature for a change in the law of its constituency. This action aroused so intense a feeling of opposition that at a special meeting last week the Board suspended its action till the collegiate alumni could be more thoroughly canvassed. A temporary check to the movement is to be anticipated, on grounds which, except as purely sentimental, pass our comprehension. Not to invite accessions to the student force of the University in all its branches from all quarters; not to foster the fashion of seeking a polishing-off at Harvard; not to fix the affiliation of short-residence and professional-school men to Harvard "in every possible way," in order that their children may tend to follow in the same path and their benefactions to seek the more honored alma mater—this seems to us deplorable narrowness and shortsightedness. The fears expressed seem almost incredible when we consider that the votes actually cast and counted for Overseers are cast only in person on Commencement day, so that the constituency will hardly be perceptibly changed.

—In volume v. of the Harvard "Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature" Prof. Kittredge lays before us the full evidence in support of his identification of Sir Thomas Malory, which he first made public on March 15, 1894, at a meeting held at Columbia College in honor of Friedrich Diez, and shortly after printed in a brief article on Malory in volume v. of 'Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia.' Prof. Kittredge identifies the author of the 'Morte Darthur' with Sir Thomas Malory, knight of Newbold Revell (or Fanny Newbold), who was M. P. for Warwickshire in 1445. This Sir Thomas answers all the conditions, and although Prof. Kittredge's lists would make it appear that the woods of England have from time immemorial swarmed with Malorys, no other appears whose claims can compete with those of this one. We will refer our readers to the article itself for all technical details, and will content ourselves with saying that the life of our author does not need to be reconstructed from scattered scraps of information. It has long been accessible in Dugdale's 'Antiquities of Warwickshire,' first published in 1656. His ancestors were lords of Draughton in Northamptonshire in the 13th century, and his father, John Malory, was Sheriff of Leicestershire and Warwickshire, Escheator, and Knight of the Shire of Warwick in the Parliament of 1413. There can be no doubt that Sir Thomas received a gentleman's education according to the ideas of the fifteenth century, of which the ability to read and write French as well as to speak it was an essential. When a young man, he served in France under Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, that chivalrous Knight whom Emperor Sigismund christened "The Father of Courtesy." In 1445 we find Sir Thomas a knight and sitting in Parliament for his county. Some years later he was conspicuous on the Lancastrian side in the War of the Roses. He died March 14, 1470, advanced in years, and, when Dugdale wrote, lay "buryed under a marble in the Chappell of St. Francis at the Gray Friars, near New Gate in the Suburbs of London." He left a widow, Elizabeth Malory, and a grandson Nicholas, who died without male heirs. Satisfactory as are Prof. Kittredge's arguments, one would like to know how he explains the fact that Dugdale, who knew so much of the life of Sir Thomas, appears to know nothing of his authorship of the 'Morte Darthur.'

—The usual Christmas gift to the members of the Goethe Gesellschaft has, for 1897, taken the shape of another album of drawings and portraits from the collections of the Goethe Museum in Weimar. This is the twelfth volume of the *Schriften*. Of these albums Dr. Carl Ruland is *ex officio* editor and furnishes the interesting introduction. When the tenth volume, likewise an album, was published; it was the well-defined intention of the committee to follow it up with similar revelations from the museum treasures. The present volume marks another step towards the accomplishment of this design. Examples of Goethe's own attempts in art and portraits of the noted men who were members of his circle, or whose paths intersected it, make up twenty-five plates. The first sheet of this collection has a peculiar

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charm. The damaged state of the original has heretofore rendered reproduction impossible. Now we have a sketch by the poet's own hand of the romantic vicarage at Sesenheim. Riemer saw this drawing in 1814, and has recorded that upon the reverse side stood some words in Frederike's own handwriting. The sheet had been mounted on stout paper and the writing hidden, but now, after the lapse of more than a century and a quarter, there has been brought to view and here reproduced what is probably the only specimen of Frederike's handwriting from those happy autumn days of 1770. It is a girlish scrawl: "Monsieur—Monsieur Goethe à Strasbourg."

—Goethe had long intended to publish an edition of his 'Italian Journey,' illlustrated by himself. He made a beginning by sending a kind of illustrated journal of the travels to Frau von Stein. Like most good intentions of this sort, it was very indifferently carried out. In this album, twelve of the sketches made in pursuance of his laudable purpose are reproduced. It has always seemed to us an act almost of unfriendliness to the memory of the great poet to lay much emphasis upon the artistic merit of these performances; they are for the most part only interesting and often delightful mementos of genius in its moments of recreation. But out of this dozen examples there are at least three that show genuine inspiration and a promise of ultimate mastery. The "Blick auf St. Peter" retains the "petty German manner" in the treatment of the foliage in the foreground, but to the whole the artist has succeeded in giving a poetic and atmospheric beauty which marks a great advance over the fussiness of the Thüringen sketches contained in volume x. Finest of all the specimens of Goethe's work that we know is the water-color sketch, here reproduced as number xi., of the beautiful sweep of a Sicilian bay. All traces of his German manner have here vanished, and we have a delicate rendering of a summer scene upon a shining southern shore. It almost justifies Goethe in the delusion, which he long and fondly cherished, that he was, "after all, an artist." The third sketch of those which are especially striking is slighter, but, aside from the weird moonlit charm of the scene, it has a pathetic personal interest. In February, 1788, Goethe wrote to Fritz von Stein: "One evening not long ago when sad thoughts haunted me, I made a drawing of my own grave at the Pyramid of Cestius." By a remarkable coincidence it was almost upon this very spot that forty-two years later Goethe's only son was buried. The twelve sheets of portraits which complete this attractive album include a fine reproduction of the best portrait that we possess of the aged Goethe. It is from Schwerdgeburth's original sketch for the well-known engraving of the poet's head. This reproduction is incomparably better than that which appeared in the *Goethe Jahrbuch* for 1882. Goethe is known to have sat for it on January 24, 1832, two months before his death. Thus, as it is the best, it is also the last portrait taken from life of the German Jupiter, and it proves his title to that lofty epithet. There is also a portrait of Jerusalem of "Werther" fame, the familiar face of Wieland, portraits of Riemer, Eckermann, and the Chancellor von Müller, and a good counterfeit of the young Mendelssohn, who, introduced to Goethe as the favorite pupil of Zelter, soon won the poet's heart by his own sunny artist nature. This twelfth volume of the *Schriften* maintains the high standard set by its predecessors.

—We know of no more satisfactory commentary on Rousseau than Prof. Harold Höffding's 'Rousseau und seine Philosophe' (Stuttgart: Frommann), forming volume iv. of Frommann's "Klassiker der Philosophie." The treatise is popular in so far as it is clear and concise; for the same reason it will prove useful as an introduction to a more exhaustive study of the philosopher. The author, though evidently abreast of the literature of his subject, does not allow himself to become entangled in any of the controversies in which other writers have been engaged in recent years. Inconsistencies of Rousseau are explained, but no attempt is made to explain them away; in this respect the chapter (iv.) on the principal ideas of Rousseau and the type of his thought is excellent. The new philosophical problem arising from his opposition to the Encyclopædists, the new ethical ideas resulting from his thought, his discovery of the mysticism of Nature, the standard given by him of false and true civilization, the turning-point in educational thought marked by his idea of negative education—these are shown to be real achievements of Rousseau. It is admitted, on the other hand, that the logical value of his pedagogy is injured by conflicting demands, and its historical importance lessened by the limitations set to the education of girls and of the poor; and the difference between the results of his religious feeling and the results of his reasoning is not denied. Rousseau was, more than most men are, a martyr to the contradiction in his own nature and between his ideal and the existing order of things. What reconciles one with him personally, in spite of his wretchedness, is his longing for the pure and the great, his sincere enthusiasm, his capacity for sympathy, admiration, and reverence.

HARRISON'S WILLIAM THE SILENT.

William the Silent. By Frederic Harrison. Macmillan. 1897.

Of certain parliamentary orators Macaulay writes, that "on a perilous crisis they would have been found far inferior in all the qualities of rulers to men such as Oliver Cromwell, who talked nonsense, and William the Silent, who did not talk at all." The sentence affords a measure both of Macaulay's strength and of his weakness. He recognized the extraordinary capacity of leaders such as William and Cromwell, who were no parliamentarians; but he failed to see that the Protector's tangled and ungrammatical sentences are full of force and are never wanting in sense, and assumed that a hero known for the charm of his conversation and the noble urbanity of his manner was a man who never spoke a word. If a trained historian who was specially interested in the annals of the House of Orange was misled by the strangely inappropriate epithet which in William's case has become a surname, how can we suppose that the ordinary English public know anything worth knowing about William the Silent?

To most of our readers we may be sure that Mr. Harrison's succinct and charming biography will be a revelation. They will learn, and learn for the first time, what was the true character and what was the actual work of the noblest among the statesmen of the sixteenth century. It would, indeed, be ungrateful to forget the labors of Motley; but the Carlylese dialect, which is almost unbearable in its inventor, has been found by many students intolerable in an imitator, and Motley's virtuous partisanship, no less than his rhetoric, concealed his real historical power. Mr. Harrison, on the other hand, has drawn just such a sketch of William and his career as was needed by earnest students on both sides of the Atlantic. The biography is short, and we certainly at times could have wished that Mr. Harrison had been able to treat his subject in fuller detail; but the brevity and compression of his book add to its impressiveness; not a word is wasted on rhetorical artifices; every fact is told simply and plainly, and, what is even more, remarkable, with strict impartiality. Hence, readers are given the results of a long contest and of perplexed negotiations, instead of being overpowered and confused with all the petty facts which are important only in so far as they lead to great and permanent consequences. The tale meanwhile is so tragic, so thrilling, and so inspiring that, when once properly told, as Mr. Harrison tells it, it carries the reader along; and the story of the contest with Spain is in this instance almost identical with the narrative of William's life. It is the identity between an heroic life and a great cause that makes the career of William a tremendous historical drama. It were easy, as it would be instructive, to dwell in more detail on the merits and charm of Mr. Harrison's workmanship, but the best way to show appreciation of his 'Life of William' is to use the facts which he has placed before us, with a view to making known his hero's character and the nature of the achievement which turned William's failure (for in one sense his efforts failed) into the most lasting of the triumphs achieved by human energy and foresight.

In estimating either William's character or his work, two essential facts should be constantly before one's mind. He was by birth one of the greatest of nobles; or, rather, he was a sovereign prince whose ample wealth supported a rank almost of royalty. He was also a trained statesman of the sixteenth century. Both these circumstances mean more than a modern reader at first realizes. A great noble was, in the sixteenth century, of necessity a leader of men; a statesman of the sixteenth century was one who not only had to guide a nation in the sense in which England or France might nowadays be led by a popular Minister, but was forced actually and in very truth to determine the course which his country should take, with the knowledge that any error on his part might be the destruction of his nation. A statesman of the sixteenth century was, further, of necessity driven to practise all the arts of the boldest and most unscrupulous statecraft.

"The diplomatic history of Europe," writes Mr. Harrison, "during the life of William the Silent, was an almost unparalleled maze of unscrupulous intrigue and shifting combinations, wherein the claims of religion, honor, mercy, and truth were regarded by all statesmen as mere phrases, so far as foreign countries were concerned, and wherein subtle and patriotic men strove *per fas et nefas* to safeguard their own country and augment its strength. Machiavelli's 'Prince' was in its most brilliant vogue."

And the dangers among which statesmen moved were doubled by the fury of religious passions scarcely known to Ma-

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chiavelli. Under these circumstances, niceness in the choice of means was an impossibility. In this matter Elizabeth, William, Philip, Alva himself, stand pretty much on a level. We must judge such leaders, not by their nice sense of honor, but by their aims and by their tendency to recognize, however faintly, the claims of humanity. The King of Spain and his General were not persons devoid of principle; they were fanatics for what they deemed the cause of religion. Their names deserve execration because the cause for which they fought was in reality the establishment of the kingdom of darkness, and because they exceeded the cruelty of a cruel age, and did not even dream that the impulses of common humanity must temper the logic of religious intolerance. Elizabeth and William, on the other hand, were no models of high-toned statesmanship. A moralist who would justify all their words and acts becomes a casuist who uselessly perverts the truth of history, and corrupts without convincing the conscience of his hearers. Yet Elizabeth, and in a far greater measure William, command our admiration. They laid the foundations of the kingdom of light; they were each faithful, if to nothing else, yet to their own country; and they each rose above the worst inhumanities of their time.

Grant, for the sake of argument, that Elizabeth was guilty of every cruelty or perfidy which the malignity of contemporary Papists could lay to her charge, and it still remains true that the government of England was, in her day, a government of honesty and humanity, if we compare it with the perfidy and atrocity of Alva's reign of terror, which was sanctioned and stimulated by Philip in the calmness of his closet. Take the most unfavorable view which is possible of William's career, and two facts still assure us of his greatness. In an age of intolerance, he anticipated by more than a century the practice no less than the theory of religious freedom. In an age of cruelty, he hated bloodshed and so loathed torture—a practice condemned neither by the morality nor by the law of his time—that, when apparently at the point of death, he forbade the torture of his murderer. The terrible torments of Balthazar are a monument to the humanity of William. The fanatic had slain the one man who, had he survived Balthazar's stroke by an hour, would have saved the assassin from agonies which can be hardly read without horror.

It is natural to link William with Elizabeth, yet the character of the Prince has qualities which raise it far above the character of the Queen. It may well be doubted whether, in clearness of aim, he has ever found a superior. There is no one fact more clearly brought out than the perfect clearness with which, from the beginning to the end of his career, he perceived the object which he wished to attain. The freedom of the whole of the Netherlands—a very different thing, be it noted, from independence—the withdrawal of every Spanish soldier as the one guarantee for liberty, the establishment of practical toleration for Catholics and Protestants alike, so long as they respected public order—these were the objects which William pursued from the moment when he became the repository of the secret the concealment whereof in the depth of his own heart conferred upon him the surname of the Silent, till the day when his death, or rather his martyrdom, laid the foundation of Holland's freedom. In the pursuit of his end he was unswerving; as to the means of obtaining it he was the most flexible of opportunists. Constitutional opposition to Philip's despotism, resistance to Philip's ministers, appeals to popular passion, armed suppression of lawlessness, attempts to arouse the dormant public spirit of Europe, open rebellion against Philip, intrigues with France, intrigues with England, alliances with Lutherans, alliances with Coligny and the French Protestants, endeavors to win the support of the very basest of the Valois—every shift or device which policy or statecraft could suggest—came ready to William's hand so only that he could employ the arts of diplomacy to obtain the high ends of his enlightened patriotism.

His life was a series of failures, yet he was never daunted by calamity. The death of his friends, the slaughter of his adherents, the defeat of his armies, the ill-success of one combination after another, never shook this unconquerable man. His enemies knew, as he must have known himself, that in an age of warfare he was not a great general; he was no match in the field for Alva; he was markedly the inferior in generalship to Alexander of Parma; he was no born soldier like his brother Louis; he did not know, as did Cromwell, how to throw aside on the battle-field the caution of statesmanship. While his eyes were fixed on the great ideas of the future, he had none of the intuitive sagacity by which the Protector saw instinctively what was attainable at a given moment and what were the means for its immediate attainment. William imagined greater achievements than were possible, and in one or two cases at least did not see with great rapidity where his real strength lay. By a sort of miracle the Beggars of the Sea came to his aid, yet it took some time before he perceived that the sea power might be used to save Holland. At the very moment of his death he had hardly grasped the idea that, to create the United Provinces, it was necessary to surrender the hope of freeing from the yoke of Spain a country which is now known as Belgium. Yet his very defects as a general, or even as a practical politican, are his glory. They reveal the superhuman tenacity with which he achieved his ends almost in despite of fate.

And his energy rested upon his devoutness. It is true that, a Lutheran by family, he was brought up a Catholic and died a Calvinist; it is true that he exhibited a tolerance utterly unknown to his generation, and that he held light, perhaps too light, theological differences which divided the world. It must also be acknowledged that his divorce from Anne, which, if it be carefully considered, deserves no moral condemnation, and his marriage with Charlotte, which is less easy on grounds of statesmanship or patriotism to defend, betray the self-will of a mediæval noble. But, for all this, he was, though no theologian, a man of serious religion. We suspect that on this point Mr. Harrison has hardly done justice to the true character of his hero, though Calvinism, combined with tolerance for other creeds, was the least phase of William's religious development. His adoption of this creed was more than an act of policy. In William's time no form of belief except Calvinism was strong enough to support a reformer in his contest with the powers of evil. It is natural and right to suppose that William found in the stern belief which has been called by the name of Calvin, the rest and strength necessary for the carrying out of the task laid upon him.

His character was exactly suited for his work, and none of the statesmen of modern Europe have ever conferred greater benefits upon mankind than did William. When he began his life's battle with Spain, everything was against him. The wealth and power of Philip were as great as his fanaticism and his cruelty. Spain menaced, for a time at least, the spiritual and political liberty of the world. Rebellion had never yet been successful, and, to Protestants no less than to Catholics, the sin of rebellion was like unto the sin of heresy. The forces which William had at his disposal were, compared with those of Spain, simply contemptible. In the nineteenth century we have rightly admired the astuteness with which Cavour enabled the feebleness of disunited Italy to triumph over the strength of the Austrian monarchy; but even after the defeat of Novara the resources, physical and moral, which were at the disposal of Victor Emmanuel, far exceeded any resources of which William could dispose when he defied the Spanish tyrant. Cavour, too, knew that the humanity of the age would prevent Austria from using the force of arms to its very utmost, and that the interest of rival potentates would at worst guarantee the independence of Piedmont. William knew that religion itself would stimulate the cruelty of Philip, and that failure meant, not in a metaphor but in plain truth, the destruction of his country, and the death and it might be torture of himself and his followers. When he perished, the most sagacious of his contemporaries would have predicted that his cause would die with him. Yet his task was done. The struggle with the Dutch provinces had sapped the strength of Spain. The defeat of the Armada was, indeed, the public sign that the power of the Spaniard was broken, but it was the contest with Holland which had so weakened Philip that the great naval defeat told the world that Spain could never realize the scheme of the universal empire. Part of William's aims had to be surrendered: the dream that the Catholic and the Protestant provinces might be united under the rule of justice and toleration was never to be fulfilled. But Protestant Holland more than fulfilled the hopes of William, and the provinces which remained subject to the sceptre of Spain came to enjoy at any rate a bearable form of government. What is more than this, every step in European progress has been a step along the path marked out by William the Silent. The bitterest religious feuds of to-day have nothing in them of the brutal cruelty which gave a peculiar horror to the religious contests of the seventeenth century. The system which has pacified Europe is in its essence the system of William.

The career of the Stadtholder recalls, both by way of contrast and of likeness, the career of the Protector. Both were the heroes of Protestantism; both went so far as they did—to apply an expression attributed to Cromwell—because they did not know where they were going; both combined religious fervor with unscrupulous statecraft; both were the men of their age, and yet anticipated the ideas of modern times and carried into practice broad conceptions of toleration unknown to their contemporaries; both waged a fearful fight against desperate odds and came out victorious. Yet the points of

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contrast are as noteworthy as and more essential than the points of similarity. Every step in Cromwell's career, if each step be looked at alone, was crowned with success. He never made a single definite blunder, but his life of triumph ended in failure; he neither founded an English commonwealth, nor created an English Protestant monarchy, nor established a system of toleration. To the Whig nobles, not to the Puritan General, is due the salvation of English freedom and the development of English power. The life of the Stadtholder was a series of failures. As a general he gained not a single great victory; as a statesman he failed utterly in achieving that union of all the revolted provinces which was the aim of his policy. His death looked like the last act of a tragedy. William himself died, we may fear, with the belief that he had lived and suffered in vain. But in truth a career of failures was rewarded by posthumous success. Spain was ruined, Holland was saved, the union of the seven Provinces grew and flourished beyond William's utmost dreams till, for a time, it rose to be an Empire. The blood of the martyr turned out to be the seed of the State. The name of the Stadtholder became the glory of Holland. "The effigy of William in marble," writes Mr. Harrison, "lies surrounded by a canopy beneath which are the four emblematical figures of Freedom, Justice, Prudence, and Religion, with the mottoes, *Je maintiendrai piété et justice—Sævis tranquillus in undis.* And in this case neither emblems nor mottoes are conventional untruths." If Cromwell's lifelong successes end in permanent failure, William's life of failure is the very foundation of complete and permanent victory.

TEN NOVELS.

What Maisie Knew. By Henry James. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.

His Grace of Ormonde. By Mrs. F. H. Burnett. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Young Mountaineers. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The King of the Broncos. By Charles F. Lummis. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Enchanted Burro. By Charles F. Lummis. Chicago: Way & Williams.

Outlines in Local Color. By Brander Matthews. Harper & Brothers.

The Story of an Untold Love. By Paul Leicester Ford. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Days of Jeanne d'Arc. By M. H. Catherwood. The Century Co.

The Water of the Wondrous Isles. By William Morris. Longmans, Green & Co.

Master Skylark: A Story of Shakspere's Time. By John Bennett. The Century Co.

Mr. James's 'What Maisie Knew,' if told directly, might be entitled 'What Maisie Didn't Know,' and would be no more fit for publication than is the evidence given before divorce courts sitting in camera. The device of unfolding a tale, not only without a moral, but without morals, through analysis of impressions made on the mind and character of a child, thrusts the burden of impropriety on the mind of the reader. For, however wide awake a child may be, it is blind as a bat to the cause of certain effects, such as a constant change and exchange of presumptive and ostensible fathers and mothers, coming about without a death in the family. The gross facts of the relations between the men and women who assume the parental attitude towards Maisie have no sort of attraction for Mr. James, and he rigorously confines himself to Maisie's point of view, her observations of and reflections upon the rather monstrous persons for whom, at a very tender age, she perceives herself to be "a centre of hatred and messenger of insult." Whether it is natural or probable for a child to have accepted and used such circumstances in the way that Maisie did, no one can say with any positiveness. To maintain any respect for humanity, her case must be considered as unique, with nothing in the records of the race to select for comparison. The fact that she never excites an emotion of compassion or pity, may be taken as an indication that she is neither natural nor probable. As we follow her interpretations of marriage and divorce, and of connections demanding one or the other or both, we get to feel that she is an arbitrary, artificial construction, and that the author, fascinated by an experiment, did not realize that he was being beaten.

The method is experimental, and, considering its very great difficulties, cannot be called a failure. The passive Maisie is the centre of action, the bone of contention, and the innocent, confidential agent through whom alone her abandoned guardians reveal themselves to each other and to the public. So far as the guardians are concerned, the revelation is complete, and it is their vivid presentation in this indirect fashion that justifies the experiment. In phrase and comparison, Mr. James is even unusually brilliant, but falls too often into alarming passages, through whose clauses and parentheses few are gifted enough to find a way. It is a sad moment for a writer when he mistakes obscure diction for subtle thought, and Mr. James is confronted with this moment more than once in 'What Maisie Knew.'

Attempts to rehabilitate real, living "Ladies of Quality" are made every day, sometimes with very gratifying success, but perhaps not often flowering into magnificent vindication like unto Mrs. Burnett's new rendering of her 'Lady of Quality' in a second volume, entitled 'His Grace of Ormonde,' with a coronet and heraldic beasts on the cover. Mrs. Burnett is in the curious position of a lawyer who, having grossly slandered a most respectable lady, prosecutes himself in open court. She succeeds in making Lady Clorinda Wildairs appear considerably less disreputable than in the first version of her unholy career, effecting this improvement by a very full and enthusiastic statement of the views and sentiments about the Lady entertained by his irreproachable Grace of Ormonde. Of the characterization of his Grace it may be said that Ouida, in the proud flush and insolence of youth, never constructed anything so immaculate and splendid, and that we may now see what a child she was in the apparently copious use of the glorifying adjective. Lest any one should hesitate to accept the absolute wisdom and justice of his Grace's reflections and conclusions, Mrs. Burnett takes care to relieve Clorinda of personal responsibility for suspicious episodes. She declares, with every appearance of exact knowledge, that the blood of historic chiefs of the Wildairs house "woke in Clorinda's veins at her birth." These chiefs were "devils who fought shrieking with ferocious laughter in the face of certain horrible death; devils whose spirit no torture of rack or flame could conquer; beings who could endure in silence horrors almost supernatural, who could bear more, suffer more, defy more than any other human thing." If Mrs. Burnett had thought of appending this information in the form of a note to 'A Lady of Quality,' there would have been no need of giving us a literal example of a twice-told tale. With a clear understanding of the condition of Clorinda's blood, few are so virtuous as to blame her for what she did rather than praise her for what she resisted.

Excepting two or three great cities, there is no locality on the face of the earth in which the material for good fiction is inexhaustible. Almost every voluminous writer of local tales has proved the limitations of his chosen village or county or region, which, however extensive and remarkable for natural beauty or grandeur, has little variety of human interest. Generally, long before the "last picture is painted," "the tubes are twisted and dry." Miss Murfree, in the volume of short stories entitled 'The Young Mountaineers,' wrings nothing new from the Tennessee mountains, in the way either of adventure or character. The scene which was set a good many years ago and elicited spontaneous applause, now receives only that perfunctory attention which we bestow upon an old friend whom we privately regard as something of a bore. As the heroes of the tales are all young, Miss Murfree has probably particularly addressed herself to the public which has not reached the dull age of reminiscence and comparison. If it were not for that public coming fresh every year to sit gaping at the feet of the story-teller, he would doubtless be forced to realize with pain that it is quite useless for him to keep on trying to palm off old lamps for new.

In his stories of New Mexico and South America, Mr. Lummis exploits comparatively fresh fields. But with all the attraction of novel scene and character, two volumes coming pretty close one upon another show the limitations of the local story. Not that there is repetition, but only similarity of atmosphere, incident, motive which indicates that the circle is nearly rounded. All the description is good, very clear, and significant, and the narrative is spirited, arriving at dramatic moments in a simple, straightforward way, quite without literary artifice. The cow-boy (often called by other, Spanish, names) is a prominent figure, and though he is satisfactorily prompt with his pistol, alert, enduring, and frequently humorous, his speech is not garnished with strange oaths. Superficially, therefore, he seems an unnatural, perhaps effeminate cow-boy; but, closely examined, it is seen that his force and efficiency are in no way diminished by temperance in blasphemy. The half-Indian, half-Spanish boys (*cholos*) are charming, so sturdy, sober, and faithful. They have none of the signs of made-up boys, and the author must know many of them well. He also, probably, knows (but we hope will never tell us) that they are the very boys who grew up to be conspicuous failures of youthful promise; otherwise, it is difficult to account for the wicked old men abounding in Mexican mountains and deserts. It is more fitting to believe

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that these nice boys emigrate or even die in their youth, and that the bad men were the sort of boys that Mr. Lummis does not care to speak about.

Mr. Brander Matthews's 'Outlines in Local Color' are of course sketches of New York, a locality which offers infinite variety for the student of humanity. Externally, it is no slander to say that New York is not one of the most interesting of the world's great cities. Its streets and buildings are obtrusively there for the needs and uses of the New Yorkers, with scant concessions to artistic taste or superfluous yearning for impressions. Mr. Matthews makes the most of the tall houses and cable-cars and elevated roads, and that is perhaps a little too much in the way of setting for slight and casual incidents. Yet it is possible that with less detail, less insistence in noting names of streets that are only numbers, in recalling commonplace sights and awful sounds, he could not convey his own feeling of intimacy with the city and delight in that intimacy. He is the only writer about New York who appears really to love it and who is steadfastly loyal.

Mr. Paul Ford's 'Story of an Untold Love' introduces the genuine stone-blind lover of fiction that is now somewhat old-fashioned. To Donald the lover, Maizie the beloved is compact of perfection. The tale of Donald's sorrows and sacrifices and despair must not be read twice or examined critically, because suggestions and suspicions obtrude themselves, and horrid doubts that Maizie was, after all, as other girls are, mortal. Nothing short of an angel could be worth such travail and torment, and it is a tribute to Mr. Ford's power for expressing the passion of pure love that, for the time taken to read the tale, no point of view except the lover's is tolerable.

In her preface to 'The Days of Jeanne d'Arc' Mrs. Catherwood tells us that more than two thousand books have already been written about the famous Maid. Without pretence of familiarity with this extensive literature, and judging chiefly by comparison with some specimens of the recent Jeanne d'Arc revival, we feel that none of the two thousand can be better worth reading than Mrs. Catherwood's. She approaches her subject with unquestioning belief in La Pucelle's special inspiration. There is no doubt, and hence no argument or irony and no bitterness even against the English triumphant in malignity. The drawing of the Maid is admirably candid, simple, and sincere. Between her and other kind, affectionate little peasant girls there is no difference of nature; the difference, as Mrs. Catherwood paints it, is wholly supernatural, and to reject that influence is to reject the whole as an incredible fairy tale. The confusing incidents of the Maid's campaign are set forth in orderly fashion, and the detail of her life at home, at court, and in battle has been carefully gathered, sifted, and woven into convincing narrative. Mrs. Catherwood says that she has given months of study and travel to the preparation of her book. She deserves the warmest congratulations on the result.

The best reason for the writing of 'The Water of the Wondrous Isles' is the reason that William Morris believed to be the true inspiration for any sort of work—the love of doing it. A perception of his delight in irresponsible exercise of the imagination goes far to make the reader share it, and abandon himself to the wonder-tales with quite unthinking joy. Two or three times Morris, prodded, perhaps, by the Christian conscience of an ancestor, made pretence of rational basis for his tales, gave them a faint excuse of history or respectable legend, of moral intent or social experiment. This last one is unblushingly irrational, and has not so much as a fragment of allegory concealed in its numerous well-printed pages. It has rather more coherence and directness than many of its predecessors, but that appears to be an accident. He would not willingly separate himself from his enchanting maiden, Birdalone. In the narrative of Birdalone's marvellous adventures with witch-women, wood-wives, magic-sending-boats, knights good and evil, beautiful and ugly, the only sense appealed to is the sense for beauty—beauty of woods and fields and water, of the human body, and the good, loving human heart. How much the force and fascination of the appeal is due to its shining garments, its manner and wording, every lover of Morris knows without being told, and no telling can enlighten those who were not born to know.

The adventures of Nick Attwood, a not-too-good little boy of Stratford town, make a very pretty tale, attractive for both children and their elders. Nick was stolen away by one of the Lord Admiral's players, who heard him singing in the fields, and knew how much money such a voice would be worth in London. So Nick became Master Skylark, of the Company of St. Paul's boys, and charmed the town and sang before the Queen. But ever his heart yearned for his mother, and even for his hard-hearted father, from whom he had been running away when captured by Master Gaston Carew. By the kind intervention of Master Will Shakspere and Ben Jonson, Nick gets home and gladly forgets both fame and sorrow. Besides writing a good story, the author draws the times and manners very well, and uses great people with discretion.

The Story of Language. By Charles Woodward Hutson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1897.

Language is a subject of everlasting interest, and scholars who are willing to turn from their special philological investigations, and give the general public a trustworthy account of the present status of their science, will always find a hearty welcome. The pity is that scholars all too often leave the writing of such books to charlatans. If the public then gets untrue and unworthy conceptions of the principles and methods of philological science, the philologist has no one to blame but himself.

There has just appeared a new and handsome volume with the above title, which is intended to meet the wants of the lay reader interested in general linguistic subjects. The specialist needs to read but a chapter to know what the book is; but those for whom it is primarily intended may profit by a word of warning. The writer, or rather compiler, has gone to a library of very limited treasure, and out of such volumes on the subject as he there chanced to find has "made a book." The first two-thirds of the volume deals with language in general, and with the non-Aryan tongues, and is copied from Max Müller and various books of travel. Most of the rest of the volume deals with English, and is almost wholly a rewording of that old eyesore of the scholar, Meiklejohn's 'The English Language.' A sample of this process of book-making will suffice to give an idea of the whole, and at the same time will furnish an illustration of what can be done in the way of swapping synonyms in English.

MEIKLEJOHN.	HUTSON.
The guttural has been softened . . into a sibilant. Thus *rigg*, *egg*, and *brigg* became *ridge*, *edge*, and *bridge*.	The guttural took a softened form and sound. *Rigg* became *ridge; egg*, *edge; brigg*, *bridge*. In these the guttural became a sibilant.
The guttural has become a labial—f—as in *cough*, *enough*, *laugh*, *draught*, &c.	In others it became to the ear a labial sound, while still written with a guttural form. Such are *cough*, *enough*, *trough*, *laugh*, *draught*.
The guttural has become an additional syllable, and is represented by a vowel sound. Thus *sorg* and *mearh* have become *sorrow* and *marrow*.	In some the guttural was transformed into a vowel sound, constituting an additional syllable. Thus *sorg* became *sorrow;* and *mearh marrow*.
In some words it has disappeared both to eye and ear. Thus *makëd* has become *made*.	In others it disappeared wholly. Thus *makëd* became *made*.
How is it, then, that we have in so many words the strongest gutturals in the language—*g* and *h*—not only separately . . . but combined? The story is an odd one. Our Old English or Saxon scribes wrote—not *light*, *might*, and *night*, but *liht*, *miht*, and *niht*. When, however, they found that the Norman-French gentlemen would not sound the *h*, and say—as is still said in Scotland—*licht*, &c., they redoubled the guttural, strengthened the *h* with a hard *g*, and again presented the dose to the Norman. But, if the Norman could not sound the *h* alone, still less could he sound the double guttural; and he very coolly let both alone—ignored both.	One amusing trace of the struggle between Norman organs and English speech is found in words like *light*, *might*, *night*, which were written in Inflected English *liht*, *miht*, *niht*. These were sounded as in Scotland with a light guttural or burr—written now for the Scottish dialect with a *ch* as in *licht*. As the Norman would not sound the guttural, however light, the words were written then with the strong guttural they still bear around with them as a dress, to induce the careless conqueror to attempt something like a guttural. But still the Normans refused to sound either *h* or *gh*.

Of course, Meiklejohn's farcical account of *gh* is devoid of all truth, as might be expected of the work of a professor of pedagogy who undertakes to write philology out of his imagination rather than go to the trouble of consulting authorities; but it is at least expressed with some wit and spirit, by the side of which Hutson's dilution is very tame.

When the book gets to the other side of the Atlantic, we may look for long parallel quotations like the above, but probably headed respectively "The English Book" and "The American Book," and we shall again have pointed out to us the dependence of American scholarship on that of Great Britain. The discredit brought upon us by such books will end only when publishers find that scholars do not content themselves with laughing at them, but regard it as worth their while immediately and fearlessly to expose them.

Goethe's "Die Aufgeregten"; Politisches Drama in fünf Akten. Ergänzende Bearbeitung von Felix von Stenglin. Berlin: Alexander Duncker; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.

The greatest political event of Goethe's

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lifetime was the French Revolution. It disquieted him; it interrupted the calm process of his self-development. He strove to divert his mind; he studied Chinese, optics, the metamorphosis of plants, but his thoughts were, in spite of himself, irresistibly drawn to the significance of what was happening around him. He has treated themes suggested by the Revolution, directly and indirectly, in many forms; autobiographically, in the 'Campagne in Frankreich' of 1792, for in that campaign he took part, conscious of being present at the birth of a new era in the world's history; lyrically, in many a well-known song (even in the Venetian epigrams there are revolutionary echoes); epically, in 'Hermann und Dorothea'; novelistically, in the 'Unterhaltungen Deutscher Ausgewanderten'; and dramatically, in the four plays, "Die Natürliche Tochter," "Der Gross-Cophta," "Der Bürgergeneral," and "Die Aufgeregten." The last-named play, which gives a nearer view of Goethe's own political creed than any of the others, was written in 1793, but left unfinished. Regret has frequently been expressed that the missing third and fifth acts had not been supplied, and the whole drama made a part of the regular classic repertory of the German stage. The first step has now been taken, and, in accordance with the brief but explicit directions of Goethe himself, the Freiherr von Stenglin has with much ability and self-subordination completed the work.

Friedrich Vischer has called this play and "Der Bürgergeneral" "odorless plants that grew in the sour peat-bog of the spirit that then prevailed." Odorless and perhaps a little artificial they are, but on the whole this judgment is too harsh. In the other works of Goethe relating to this subject, the Revolution was either a mere stage-setting, as in 'Hermann und Dorothea,' or else some strikingly dramatic incident connected with the Revolution was made the centre of the action, as in "Der Gross-Cophta," which deals with the affair of the diamond necklace. In "Die Aufgeregten," however, it is the actual strife of classes that has been presented, of the misled and bombastic sciolists, enthusiastic for a freedom and equality which they would be incapable of maintaining, and of the liberal and clear-sighted aristocracy, willing to be just, but refusing to be forced. Goethe was a liberal in politics; for more than half a century he was in intimate association with an enlightened ruling prince, and he had never shared the mad ideals of the youthful Schiller, whose political incendiarism in the "Robbers" had made him a citizen of the French Republic. In this play the author makes the Countess his mouthpiece. All that he ever wrote of the third act was the beginning of a conversation between the Countess and the Hofrath, in the course of which it was doubtless his intention to develop fully his views concerning the obligations of the ruling classes towards those dependent upon them. Speaking to Eckermann in 1824, Goethe quoted from this fragment of the third act. He said:

"I wrote it at the time of the French Revolution, and it may be regarded in some sort as my political creed at that time. I had made the Countess the representative of the nobility, and in the words which I put into her mouth I showed how the nobility ought to think. The Countess has just returned from Paris, where she has been a witness of the revolutionary proceedings, and from these she has drawn no bad lesson for herself. She has convinced herself that the people may indeed be suppressed, but not oppressed, and that the revolutionary uprisings of the lower classes are due to the unjust actions of the great."

She announces her determination to avoid all injustice herself, and for the future to denounce every act that has a show of unfairness, even if she should be decried as a democrat. "I thought," continued Goethe, "that this attitude of mind was entirely respectable. It was at that time my own opinion, and it still is. But in reward therefor I have been called all manner of names which I do not care to repeat." And, indeed, Goethe has been the object of much unjust vilification on the score of his politics and patriotism. His conservatism offended the hotheads, and his sane liberalism was rarely understood.

The completed play of "Die Aufgeregten" is a welcome but not necessary addition to a library of Goetheana. Goethe's own directions are so clear that there has never been any doubt concerning the development and outcome of the drama. The present work, therefore, must find its reward on the stage and at the hands of an audience. That this was the intention is evident from the preface and from the reservation of stage rights. And now comes the news that in January at the Royal Theatre of Berlin the drama was produced with gratifying success. The general public, which had half forgotten the existence of the fragment, was delighted by the force and humor of the "new" play by Goethe. The task of following the author's intentions was in this case comparatively easy; not like that of completing Schiller's "Demetrius," which has lured so many poets to failure. Freiherr von Stenglin has done only what was absolutely necessary to give to Goethe's conception its rounded dramatic expression. He has even refrained from elaborating the conversation in the third act so brilliantly begun by the original author, and this was wise, for it could not have been essential to the plot development and would have been of interest only as the direct exposition of Goethe's own views. The danger of coming into contrast with the sonorous periods of Goethe's prose has been avoided by restricting the dialogue to short sentences. The book should find a welcome among all lovers of Goethe. Its value would have been increased by printing the brief concepts for the missing acts from Goethe's own pen.

The New Puritanism: Papers by Lyman Abbott, Amory H. Bradford, Charles H. Berry, George H. Gordon, Washington Gladden, Wm. J. Tucker, during the Semi-Centennial Celebration of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1847-1897. With an Introduction by Rossiter W. Raymond. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 1898.

Besides the articles and addresses enumerated on the title-page, this interesting volume has a "Publisher's Preface" which adds little to its value, and is disfigured by the most popular of misquotations, "fresh *fields* and pastures new," which has been set right a thousand times, apparently with no effect. The celebration by Plymouth Church of the fiftieth anniversary of its organization and Mr. Beecher's coming to Brooklyn, as here reported, was happily conceived and carried out with dignity and sobriety. There was no undue glorying and no exaggeration of Mr. Beecher's influence, although the indication of its character was not entirely satisfactory. Dr. Abbott's sermon on May 16, immediately following Mr. Raymond's genial introduction, is called "The New Puritanism." The newness is much in evidence, but the Puritanism less so. With the loss of the Puritan theology and the Puritan temper, there does not seem much Puritanism left. Dr. Abbott handles the old Puritanism roughly, identifying it mainly with the doctrine of election. As for the new Puritanism, he identifies that mainly with the slight aberrations of Lyman Beecher and Albert Barnes and their kind from the doctrine to which they were born, and there is no clear expression of the fact that Dr. Abbott and his kind have departed from them much further than they did from Calvin and Edwards. Dr. Abbott is inclined, like others of his school, to damn those who have said his good things before him. He is filled with wonder that he "should ever have been thought to be Unitarian in his tendency"; but his three characteristics of the new Puritanism are as good a statement of Unitarian doctrine as could be made.

Dr. Bradford, discussing "Puritan Principles and the Modern World," finds the old Puritanism essentially as good as Dr. Abbott finds it bad. But he uses the term without much discrimination. Beecher, he assures us, was "a Puritan of the Puritans." He had not their theology. Had he their temper? He was nothing if not a humorist. The Puritan temper was utterly devoid of humor. But Dr. Bradford has some good things about "the defeat of the people" in our political affairs. Dr. Berry's subject was: "Beecher's Influence upon Religious Thought in England." He represents it as more theological than we can think it was, except as much of the new theology has been an attempt to express Beecher's emotional piety in intellectual terms, with conspicuous failure, such as he himself experienced in the same attempt. It is strange that in his list of recent personal religious forces in England Dr. Berry finds no place for Martineau, who has been a preacher to the preachers and a teacher of the teachers in an eminent degree.

Dr. Gordon begins with the assertion that "Calvinism, as an adequate interpretation of the ways of God with men, or even as a working philosophy of life, is for ever gone." He thinks we must have another elaborate theological system, and he sketches it in outline. Some of his phrases are so scholastic and so vague that they convey no definite idea to our minds. He, too, is careful not to defile himself with the pitch of unorthodox liberality. He tells us that his doctrine "does not necessarily imply universal salvation," but "it is true that it looks that way." "*If God shall succeed*" (the italics are his), "universal salvation will be the final result." This may not be so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough for the pastor of the most typical of the New England Congregational churches. Dr. Washington Gladden's subject, "The Social Problems of the Future," brings our social and political institutions to the test of human brotherhood, and finds them wanting; but some of his specifics would, we imagine, aggravate the disease. Dr. Tucker, President of Dartmouth College, makes a bold push for the free intellect in the church, and for the subordination of the church to social needs. In conclusion, Dr. Abbott urges on his people the

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application of the foregoing principles and doctrines to their habitual life.

If the book, as a whole, leaves much to be desired in the way of real and definite thought, it is, for better or for worse, significant of a disintegration of the traditional theology which is spreading far and wide.

Lectures on the Principles of Local Government. By George Laurence Gomme, Statistical Officer of the London County Council. Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co.

The London School of Economics is doing good work, and not least in leading to the publication of some useful courses of lectures. But among these we are unable to include Mr. Gomme's lectures on Local Government. Mr. Gomme has made in the past some suggestive, if not solid, contributions to the archæology of municipal institutions, and as a collector of out-of-the-way facts his industry and enthusiasm are not to be contemned. But to formulate with any success "the principles" of local government, under modern circumstances, in a country like England, calls for a keenness of insight into the actual social situation, a power of generalization, a knowledge of contemporary English and foreign literature, and, finally, a power of exposition, such as Mr. Gomme certainly does not possess. As one reads his book, one begins to doubt whether he has ever stopped to think what he means by a "principle." He refers to Austin with a knowing air; but on pp. 24-27 he uses the term "sanction" some ten times in a way that might make Austin turn in his grave, and which is quite indefensible. His style is cumbrous and frequently incorrect. The meaning of such phrases as these, "An area formed accidentally by the legislative movements of water supply" (p. 13), "a standard which should be used as a conforming test" (p. 142), can be readily guessed; but continual guessing is tiring. One or two general ideas are indeed discernible, especially this, that when new governmental powers are to be conferred on any local authority, it would be better to attach them to the old historical units, the county, the borough, and the parish, than to create brand-new institutions. That this would be wise to-day we may well allow. But it does not occur to the author, in the midst of his distress at the different policy pursued by the English Parliament during the last couple of centuries, to ask whether that policy may not have had some justification in the facts of rural life as they were then. Mr. Gomme's implied argument, that certain things are desirable because something that looks like them is to be found among our mediæval ancestors, is one we had hoped had gone out of fashion.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baugh, Mary E. Her Fortune her Misfortune. F. T. Neely.
Brady, Rev. C. T. For Love of Country. Scribners. $1.25.
Cook, Prof. A. S. Biblical Quotations in Old English Prose Writers. Macmillan. $3.
Davitt, Michael. Life and Progress in Australia. London: Methuen & Co.
Dombre, Roger. Les Demoiselles Danaïdes. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Gallon, T. A Prince of Mischance. Appletons. $1.
Hyne, Cutliffe. The 'Paradise' Coal-Boat. London: James Bowden; New York: M. F. Mansfield. $1.25.
Jokai, Maurus. The Lion of Janina. Harpers. $1.25.
Klondike. The Chicago Record's Book for Gold-Seekers. Chicago: Record Co. $1.
Lachambre, Henri, and Machuron, Alexis. Andrée's Balloon Expedition in Search of the North Pole. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.50.
Merriam, Florence A. Birds of Village and Field: A Bird-Book for Beginners. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.
Olson, Prof. J. E. Norwegian Grammar and Reader. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co.
Réville, Rev. Jean. Paroles d'un Libre-Croyant. Paris: Fischbacher.
Smylie, Capt. C. A. Points in Minor Tactics. Appletons. $1.
Stanton, Elizabeth C. Eighty Years and More (1815-1897). Reminiscences. New York: European Publishing Co.
Spencer, Herbert. Various Fragments. Appletons. $1.25.
Stuckenberg, J. H. W. Introduction to the Study of Sociology. Armstrong. $1.50.
"The Georgian Period"; being Measured Drawings of Colonial Work. Part I. American Architect.
Ward, L. F. Outlines of Sociology. Macmillan. $2.
Warren, Minetta L. From September to June with Nature. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 35c.
Warriner, E. A. The Gate Called Beautiful: An Institute of Christian Sociology. Whittaker. $1.50.
Wells, Prof. C. L. The Age of Charlemagne. Christian Literature Co. $2.
Weyman, S. J. Shrewsbury. A Romance. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Woods, Virna. An Elusive Lover. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.

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